THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 33. | WILLIAM BOOTH, General. | TORONTO MAY 13, 1899. | EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. | Price, 5 Cents.

The Seven Stages of Ben Boneless

The Revised Version of an Old Parable.

"When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none.

"Then he saith, I will return unto my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished.

"Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." Matt. xii., 43, 44, 45.

A Backslider's Song.

I once was away down in the land of old Egypt,
The will of old Pharaoh I gladly did do;
Although he was leading me on to destruction,
I saw not the danger that he had in view.
But now I have started for Canaan's fair city,
My sins, which were many, are now washed away;
Old Pharaoh is conquered, and I am made happy,
And I'll never go back into Egypt again.

Chorus.

I'll never, no never, no never, no never,
I'll never go back into Egypt again:
Old Pharaoh is drowned and I am made happy,
And I'll never go back into Egypt again.

There's many a man that starts out for this city,
With a firm resolution fair heaven to gain;
He'll tell you that Jesus his sins has forgiven,
His heart is made white in the Blood of the Lamb;
But the devil comes round and tries to upset him;
He stops for a moment and listens to him;
With a bottle of whiskey, or pipe and tobacco,
He coaxes him back into Egypt again.

There are some of our lasses who come to this Fountain,
To get this blest washing they all things forego;
They give up their pleasures and worldly amusements,
Determined the will of their Saviour to do;
But the devil is watching and waiting to catch them,
Some one says something with scorn and disdain;
So they put on their feathers, their bangs and their fashion,
And back they will go into Egypt again.

Wise Words

SAID LONG AGO, BUT STILL TRUE.

The proud and covetous can never rest. The poor and humble in spirit dwell in the multitude of peace.

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The man that is not yet perfectly dead to himself, is quickly tempted and overcome in small and trifling things.

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True quietness of heart is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

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There is no peace in the heart of a carnal man, nor in him that is given to outward things, but in the spiritual and devout man.

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Be not ashamed to serve others for the love of Jesus Christ, nor to be esteemed poor in this world.

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Do what little in thy power, and God will assist thy good will.

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It is much safer to obey than to govern.

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Be not too confident in thine own opinion, but be willing to hear the judgment of others.

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Evil habit and neglect of our own growth in grace do give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.

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If we are perfectly intent upon our own hearts, and not strangled with outward things, then should we be able to relish divine things and to have some experience of heavenly contemplation.

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It is a hard matter to forego that to which we are accustomed, but it is harder to go against our own will. But if thou dost not overcome small and easy things, when wilt thou overcome harder things?

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By flight alone we cannot overcome, but by patience and true humility we become stronger than all our enemies.

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The beginning of all evil temptations is inconsistency of mind, and small confidence in God.

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Fire tricth iron, and temptation a just man.

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Withstand the beginnings; the remedy is applied too late, when the evil has grown strong through long delay.

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For first there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, then a strong imagination thereof, afterwards delight and evil notion, and then consent.

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According to our purpose shall be the success of our spiritual profiting; and much diligence is necessary to him that will profit much.

◊ ◊ ◊

Bury not thyself in matters that appertain to others, neither do thou entangle thyself with the affairs of thy betters.

Newfoundland News.

O. O. MoRae Reports.

GRAND BANK.—Capt. Janes and the writer arrived here on the 19th of March, and since then we have had some blessed meetings. 75 men, women and children have knelt at the Mercy Seat and professed salvation. Capt. S. Mercer and Lieut. Young have farewelled, but for two weeks before leaving there were some glorious meetings held and quite a number of souls set at liberty. Last Sunday we had 73 at knee-drill.

FORTUNE.—Captain Winsor and Lieut. Cook have said good-bye and changed over with Capt. England, of Burin. There has been quite a revival at Fortune, and last Saturday 29 Juniors were seeking salvation. 110 present at the meeting.

BURIN.—Two souls reported the first Sunday the new officers took charge.

The General in Adelaide.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION!

Off to Meet the General—Huge Open-Air Meeting on the Beach—Sighting the R. M. S. Victoria—The Commandant Returns Thanks—Setting Foot on South Australian Soil at Midnight.

The arrival platform at the North Terrace railway station on the Saturday morning seemed to be fairly alive with Salvationists—officers and soldiers—who had come down to await the arrival of the Melbourne Express, bringing the first contingent of Headquarters' officers arriving to welcome the General. Brigadier Glover, the Colony Commanding Officer, was there with the Colony Secretary, Major Hunter; and there also came Major Turner, the Adelaide D. O., and Staff-Capt. Dennis, of the North Adelaide Division, with the Colony and Divisional War Office staffs, the suburban F. O's and a sprinkling of soldiers, all more or less simmering with excitement, and ready to bubble over at the least provocation.

"Stand back there!" shouted the porters, as the express, well up to time, was seen entering the station, and a moment or two later there was a mad rush to the carriage, from the windows of which the waiting officers had caught a glimpse of the uniforms worn by their comrade officers, and with much volleying and hand-shaking the new comers, at the head of whom was Colonel Peart, Chief Secretary of Australasia, were warmly welcomed to Adelaide, Brigadiers Leigh and Unsworth, with Adjt. Sandall and the War Cry representative, being the other members of the party.

In reply to our eager question, "Well, how are things going?"

"Oh, fine," is the enthusiastic response. "The city is full of the General and his doings; everyone is asking when he is coming, and wanting to know the program of his meetings. We shall have the crowds all right." And so far as the War Cry man has been able to gather and interpret the portents, there can be no doubt that a long list of stirring triumphs is destined to follow the General's coming to South Australia.

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OFF TO MEET THE GENERAL.

The failure of the Victoria to arrive in time to permit the General fulfilling his Port Adelaide engagements, and the further imperilling and subsequent abandonment of the Kadina fixture, are the only spots on the horizon of contentment and good feeling which prevails. Something had to be done to make up for the disappointment of the Port folk (it was unfortunately impossible to do anything in the case of Kadina, the General expecting to be able to go up to the very last moment), hence Brigadier Glover and his D. O's, Major Turner and Staff-Capt. Dennis, take up the running, and with the Norwood bandsmen, to the number of sixteen (the band-lads having eagerly jumped at the chance of going down to meet the General), held stirring meetings in the Fort Town Hall, morning and afternoon, the Semaphore Corps uniting with their Port comrades for the occasion.

At night, Colonel Peart led a magnificent open-air meeting on the beach, close to the jetty, within hearing of some 2,000 to 3,000 people, who lined the jetty and beach, while fully 1,500 people must have listened with marked attention to the proceedings, which lasted for fully two hours and a half, the Colonel being assisted by Brigadiers Leigh and Unsworth, and other officers, while the Norwood band and the Colony War Office quartette party rendered admirable service in the musical line. The hours of waiting, which would otherwise have been spent in weariness, were thus filled with active soul-saving effort, which must undoubtedly have its fruit and recompense.

Mrs. Booth arrived on the scene while the open-air was in progress, and, pending the departure of the steamer Leveret, which had been specially hired to convey officers and band to the anchorage and bring the General ashore, proceeded to the residence of Mr. W. G. Smith, of Dunn St., where she was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who had kindly undertaken to billet the General during his brief stay at the Semaphore.

Towards 10 o'clock, the R. M. S. Victoria having been sighted in the distance, a move was made down the Semaphore jetty, Mrs. Booth and Colonel Peart, Brigadiers Gilmore, Leigh, Unsworth and Glover, Majors Hunter and Turner, Staff-Capts. Dennis, Miller and Williams, and other officers, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and one or two friends, and the Norwood band, under Bandmaster Lovell, boarding the Leveret, which then steamed out to the anchorage.

The moon rose late—so late indeed that the night seemed to be extra dark—and save for the lights of the few launches about, and those of the incoming mail steamer, it was impossible to discern anything very clearly; but about eleven o'clock, it became evident that the Victoria had reached her anchorage, and was letting go her anchors. Then from Large Bay jetty, the doctor's launch was visible, shooting on to the leviathan mail-boat, and presently the health officer, some half dozen launches and lighters, shot up to the great steamer, and the Leveret also took her place alongside, while the gangway was let down and the rattling of chains and machinery betokened that the work of unloading the mails and passengers' luggage had been already begun.

In the interval between leaving the Semaphore and the lying-to at the Large anchorage, the Leveret's passengers had, from the moment they got within earshot of the ocean liner, volleyed and thundered their welcomes with gladsome hearts, and in jubilant strains the band had again and again sent forth its salvation melodies across the deep. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the peaceful serenity of the still waters, hushed into delightful calm by the good hand of the Lord Himself, and, once or twice between the volleys, an answering shout came from the Victoria, which bespoke the fact that the Salvation Army contingent on board was up and waiting. As the Leveret steamed up to the Victoria, the band played the well-known tune, "To the front, the cry is ringing; to the front, your place is there," and three hearty volleys were given for the General, which were repeated again and again, until the boat being moored to the ocean liner, it became possible to mount her gangway, and there was a general exodus on to the deck of the mail-boat.

The Commandant was the first seen, then Commissioner Pollard and other members of the General's and Commandant's parties were recognized—Colonel Lawley, Brigadier Saunders, Brigadier Kyle, and Adjt. McMillan, and, on volunteers being called for, willing hands quickly removed the baggage from the Victoria's cabin and deck to the tender, and the General himself was escorted on board, where he met with a most enthusiastic welcome. His departure from the mail-boat was, too, made the occasion of a pleasing demonstration of the regard and good-will in which he evidently was held by his fellow-passengers, who lined the vessel's side shouting, "Good-bye, General!" and waving their adieus.

Once again the band struck up, and the Leveret steamed for the shore. Unfortunately it was soon apparent that the General was very much fatigued, and that there could be no public speaking on his part for that evening at least. But the great crowd of something like a thousand people who still remained on the jetty awaiting the General's coming bore the disappointment well. They shouted their glad welcomes as the Leveret came up to the head of the jetty, and renewed them again as the tug made fast. And then the Commandant made his appearance at the vessel's side, and, bareheaded, on his father's behalf, returned thanks for the magnificent welcome accorded him at so late an hour, expressing the General's regret that he was too much fatigued to address them on that occasion, and the hope that he might meet them under more favorable circumstances.

And it was thus that, just at the midnight hour, the General set foot on South Australian soil, the landing being made the occasion of as remarkable a demonstration as, perhaps, has ever been chronicled in the annals of the Salvation Army. Certainly nothing to equal it has ever been witnessed in South Australia—the orderly crowds waiting with such patient endurance throughout the evening until the midnight hour, the enthusiasm with which they greeted the Army's General, and the good-will which prevailed throughout the day, all being memorable factors in a memorable reception.

From Church Army to Salvation Army.

BROTHER LANGLEY, OF MONTREAL, SPEAKS OF HIS TRANSFORMATION.

Youth — Confirmed — Mission Leader—Church Army — Resigned —Sin —Canada—Montreal Barracks—Saved.

It is with a joyful heart that I pen these words to the Army, to thank them, through God, for the work of reconciliation done in me, by bringing me to His foot-stool again, after having backslidden and wandered into the paths of sin and degradation.

I was born and brought up in London, Eng., and had the privileges of Christian home influence, and it was my custom to attend church and Sunday School regularly.

When I was 14 years old I started to earn my own living, and as lads are, I was a man then and began dabbling in the sin of the world, and kept on until about 19, when God spoke to me and I left the world to follow Christ. After I had been working for God some time, I thought I would like to be confirmed. I went to the classes for instruction and was received into the Church of England as a member. I went as a teacher in the school and then I took up mission work in North London. I was leader of a Christian Band and had control of open-air work in connection with the same mission.

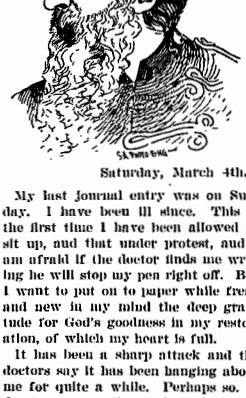
After being in Christian work for two or three years, I offered myself for foreign work, but with no success, because the committee told me I was not educated enough. I offered myself to the Church Army and was accepted. They sent me to one of their vans in Derby, but this is where I first started on my downward way again. I was told that I would not be allowed to shout or sing as I used to, and owing to the Captain being a sharp-tempered man, I left it and came back to my home.

After leaving the Church Army, I went to church as usual for a time, and then began to be neglectful. I would rather go out for walks with chums and began smoking very heavily. I went on the concert platform, sinking lower and lower in sin, cursing God and man, and mixing with some of the worst people I could find. After keeping these ways for some time I got into trouble, and my brothers and sisters sent me to Canada to try and retrace my ways. When I arrived here I tried to turn over and start afresh, but it was no use, I went from bad to worse, spending all my money on things that defile and ruin.

After a while I attended the Army meetings in Montreal. I felt God speaking to me very definitely every time I attended, until one evening I went out and claimed full salvation. I am now, not half, but fully saved, and on my way rejoicing. I can now shout hallelujah with the Army and praise God from the bottom of my heart for His saving power to me. I mean, God willing, to be foremost in the field and try to win souls for Christ and to rescue them from the devil and his agents.—J. J. Langley.

My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.



Saturday, March 4th.

My last journal entry was on Sunday. I have been ill since. This is the first time I have been allowed to sit up, and that under protest, and I am afraid if the doctor finds me writing he will stop my pen right off. But I want to put on to paper while fresh and new in my mind the deep gratitude for God's goodness in my restoration, of which my heart is full.

It has been a sharp attack and the doctors say it has been hanging about me for quite a while. Perhaps so. I do fancy sometimes that the little storm that burst so suddenly on Sunday night has been brewing ever since those days at Woodman's Point.

I got worse and worse as the S. S. Victoria slowly crept up the bay and cast anchor at Port Adelaide. Of what followed I have only a confused memory. A couple of steam launches were soon alongside filled with enthusiastic officers, soldiers and bandsmen, all clamoring to meet the General. It seemed as though the getting ready for embarkation would never end. The heat was stifling, the sense of suffocation was at times overpowering, my inward troubles increasing all the time, and when at last the signal was given I hardly knew how I was going to get out of the ship. However, I climbed up and down the stairways as best I could, and passed through the long lines of eager faces which thronged every point of vantage ground, but had not sufficient energy to say good-bye to the friends I was leaving, nor for a welcome to the crowd that came to receive me.

Then the band played and away we went. All Port Adelaide must have turned out to meet me, and processioned with me along the jetty, which I thought would never come to an end, but I did at last reach the carriage that took me to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith. In five minutes I was in bed, and longing for tired nature's sweet restorer, "balmy sleep," which I fondly hoped would set me on my feet for the morrow's journey to the miners and others who were expecting me at Kadina.

* * * *

Monday, March 6th.

IN HOSPITAL.

We were planned to start at 7:20 this morning. After a fitful and disturbed night I woke at 6:30, roused the Adjutant, and was giving instructions, when the Commandant entered saying that we could not go if we would, that we had neglected to put our watches on to meet the altered time, and that it was impossible to get to the station in time for the train.

I accepted the inevitable, and that not without some satisfaction, for I was beginning to feel that I was very poorly and rapidly growing worse. A doctor was called in, who declared me to be suffering from a sharp attack of dysentery, combined with a high state of fever. He at once ordered a trained nurse, shut me off from all nourishment beyond small quantities of skimmed milk and barley water, giving instructions that unless I was kept in the greatest quietness he would not be answerable for the consequences.

THE HOSPITAL ITSELF.

The home into which I was so unceremoniously shot down just before midnight that Sabbath is a large, colonial kind of single-story house with a capacious verandah running round two sides of it, with gardens, poultry sheds, greenhouses, and other miscellaneous out-buildings at the back. Every door and window is provided with wire gauze blinds to keep out the innumerable hordes of mosquitoes and flies, for which I was unutterably thankful, the latter being one of the plagues of my life. Here I have been served and waited upon night and day, and if I had been an angel from heaven, greater sympathy and kindness could not have been shown me.

MY HOST.

It was curious to find that Mr. Smith was a fellow townsman, having been born and, as the Americans say, reared, in the ancient town of Nottingham, coming here at the age of eighteen. He has a comfortable little business, is a truly Christian man, and with his wife and family received us, as I have said, at midnight, that Sunday, with open arms.

We were no little handful either, filling up every spare room, sleeping on the floors, and at the doors, while doctoring and nursing, business and telegrams, messengers and cooking, and all the other etceteras that come with sickness and salvation, filled up the time as well as the house.

Monday night I was really ill. Tuesday the doctor grew nervous. The Commandant and my staff giving up all hopes of fulfilling the campaign, the New Zealand portion of it was cancelled, unknown to me of course, I being wholly occupied in keeping body and soul together. It was certainly a dark day. Among other things it was really warm, the atmosphere standing at 110° in the shade. My temperature was 104, my heart was considered to beat irregularly, while nothing seemed to stay the dysentery. At night a consultation with another medical man was held, who shook his head over the symptoms even more gravely than did Dr. Bollen, the one to whose hands I was committed. There was nothing for me, in their opinion, but a prolonged illness and an extended rest for recuperation.

* * * *

Wednesday, 8th.

I thought myself better, but my watchers could not see it. I endured, however, believing that time would produce the evidence, and by evening everybody was hoping for the best, anyway, for what was better than the worst that had been feared two days ago.

* * * *

Thursday and Friday, 9th and 10th.

The improvement continued; otherwise these two days were to me very much the same as the other part of the week, that is, next door to blanks. I neither seemed to think, nor talk, nor know, nor care for anything. Life was made up of mere endurance, and only enlivened by periodical doses of medicine, and sips of the almost tasteless concoction, barley water, and that was only allowed at a Laodicean temperature.

* * * *

Saturday, March 11th.

AN IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT.

Immense improvement. Everybody amazed. New Zealand Campaign restored to its place on the program. After a lecture at night as to the importance of avoiding a relapse, the doctor consented to the arrangement, on condition that with any sign of a return of the malady I would lay up and go aside for a season.

Dr. Bollen has been exceedingly sympathetic and attentive. I have had to do with many medical men in my time, but seldom crossed the path of one so careful to note every symptom that signified any turn of the disease, and so anxious to deal with it. He cared for me like a tender son rather than a professional adviser, and would take no payment for his pains at the close. May the blessing of my God be upon him and his.

The sympathy of the public, considering that I might be said to have been among strangers, was quite touching. The Catholic priest called to enquire as to my condition. Christians of all orders and denominations expressed their sympathy, and publicans sent ice, while fruit and other supplies were sent in, one man bringing an apple of large dimensions out of his garden, saying that it had been revealed to him that if I sat up in bed and ate it I would be cured straight off.

A LOVING MESSAGE FROM THE F.O.'s.

On a larger scale expressions of a similar character were sent. Amongst them the officers who had come in from far and near to the council sent an affectionate memorandum, signed by all present. One or two paragraphs in this memorial appear so touching that I cannot refrain from inserting them.

"Longingly as we have looked forward to your coming amongst us, and lovingly as we should hang upon your words, we want, dear General, to urge you to spare your strength, and rest awhile until, in God's good providence, your health shall be restored, as we believe it will be. In the interests of the Salvation Army throughout the world, and in the interests of humanity itself, we feel that we ought to urge you to conserve your strength. Your life is precious to us as an Army; we feel that so many momentous interests are bound up in your person, that we ought readily to overcome any and every disappointment which has come to us through your illness, and to urge you, even against your own inclinations, to spare yourself, and to rest for awhile, even if that rest involves the complete abandonment of your plans and program for this colony. God abundantly bless you, dear General!

We are returning to our posts in the war, believing that God is going to restore you; that He is going to help you; that He is going to pour out His Spirit upon you and upon us, and that He is going to use you in the salvation, sanctification, and blessing of countless thousands of your fellows, both in this and other lands. And, whether we see your face again or not, and rejoice with you over your complete restoration to health; whether we are permitted to share in the victories that God is going to give you in Australia, or otherwise, we desire to assure you that we shall ever bless God that you endeavored to come to see us at so much risk and inconvenience to yourself; that we shall stand by the Flag, uphold the principles it represents, strengthen, so far as in us lies, the hands of our beloved Commandants, and seek to bring sunshine and blessing into the lives of our fellows, by carrying to them God's great best gift of love and salvation."

The Wesleyan Conference, sitting in Adelaide during the week passed and forwarded the following resolution:

"That this United Conference of the Methodist Churches, in extending a hearty welcome to General Booth on his arrival in South Australia, expresses its sympathy with him in his indisposition, and its hope that his health will speedily be restored, and that his visit will be most successful."

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Sunday, 12th.

This has been what the colonists admit to be a hot day. Still my improvement continues.

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Monday, 13th.

Very warm, thermometer registering 88° in my room. The doctor came in for his last visit and to say good-bye. Received the English mail and was once more hard at work writing, dictating and scheming.

The Headquarters' Band that had come over from Melbourne to welcome and assist me came outside my billet to play a tune and say good-bye. I spoke a few words and had quite a nice little gathering in the street. What a charm music has for everyone! The band appeared to be composed of a fine body of men. Oh, what wonders they might accomplish for God and salvation. Perhaps they are doing so. I will inquire. They have my blessing.

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Tuesday, 14th.

Had what might be described as the first decent night's sleep since the attack, and am feeling quite myself again.

This morning my nurse said good-bye. She is a sample, I suppose, of quite a few superior young women now up and down the world who choose nursing as a profession. Her father is a highly-respected Presbyterian minister, just retiring at the ripe age of eighty, while two of her brothers are lawyers, one of whom was the Chief Secretary in a recent South Australia Government. She is the first professional nurse whose services I have had occasion to require, and she has served me well. I want her at once to start off nursing the souls of her patients as well as their bodies. I am much indebted to her patient care.

But the most anxious and tenderly interested watchers by my bedside in my hospital have been my son, the Commandant and his dear wife. Of the burden they have carried and the ceaseless contrivances they have invented and adopted to promote my comfort I cannot speak as deserved, and therefore refrain from comment, my chief reflection on all being the desire that my lengthened days may prove in some measure worthy of it all.

To-day is very warm, being 99° in the shade, but I am still keeping better and able to do something towards preparation for departure. In the afternoon, at 3:30, I bade farewell to my hospital home, and started for my next sphere of action—New Zealand. We travel all night, reach Melbourne to-morrow morning, embarking for Auckland in the afternoon (D.V.). Our visit has been a clear week's loss to Australia at the beginning, but it is proposed to extend it a week longer, so that what with quarantine and hospital I don't think it will be considered that we have done very much amiss—that is, if the enemy is not allowed to further block our way.

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Wednesday, 15th.

The night journey to Melbourne was certainly warm, shaky, and distressing, but taken altogether it proved less fatiguing than had been expected. The compartment was spacious and comfortable, when compared with the best sleeping arrangements of other countries, and the attendance was very good. Nevertheless, the five hours' rest in Melbourne was very acceptable and was about equally divided between completion of correspondence and sleep, the latter sending me off much refreshed.

At 4 p.m. embarked on board the good steamer Wallaroo for Hobart, Tasmania, en route for New Zealand. The weather continues hot, the heat is certainly phenomenal, nothing like it being said to be remembered for some considerable time. The fever still hangs about me. Got a little relief by perspiration.

The steamship company gave the Commandant and myself a free pass and every attention. The Captain is very sympathetic, having been down from the same malady from which I have been suffering, six years ago. He has just given me the use of a deck-cabin, which is more airy than the one fixed up for me downstairs. How good the Lord is to me! I ought to be thankful. A verse of an old song has been continually on my lips the last day or two:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, or thought, or being last,
Or while eternity endures."

Evening. The Commandant has had a service in the steerage. The music and singing sounded delightful; hearts must have been stirred. Oh, to win some souls to the Saviour during this voyage!

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Thursday, 16th.

A very restless night. Thought I was not going to settle at all; however, dropped off and got sufficient of the precious nectar that we call sleep, to carry on. Calm sea, pleasant breezes; everything promises fair for a quiet passage.

La Marechale.

BY the above title Mrs. Catherine Booth-Clibborn, the eldest daughter of General Booth, is better known throughout France and Switzerland especially, and the world in general, than by her legal name. In 1881 her now sainted mother dedicated, in a crowded farewell meeting at St. James' Hall, London, her daughter and a little band of S. A. warriors to the pioneer work of France by presenting her with a flag. For over fourteen years, under many and most perplexing difficulties and persecutions, including imprisonment, La Marechale fought in that republic, until at her farewell from the French Field, in 1896, she left behind her a solid fighting force of warriors, which, for consecration, devotion and daring can hardly be equalled, at any rate, not be excelled, anywhere.

In "Beneath Two Flags," the writer describes the scenes witnessed while with La Marechale, in Paris, in the following interesting manner:

A beautiful city, is Paris, as seen from the high ground at St. Cloud, or from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe.

The external, however, often deceives, and truly when looked at from another aspect, a dark, sunless cloud hangs over Paris, and spreading out from it overshadows all that fair country. "Dieu a quitte Paris" is not only a fact printed in large letters as a newspaper heading, but is regarded as "un fait accompli" by those who school themselves to believe in nothing supernatural or religious. We find another paper rejoicing in the fact that Parisians have accomplished "l'abolition de Dieu," and having torn down His altars and banished His memory, they exalt the goddess of reason, the god of pleasure, and the mighty god of self, who only too readily asserts himself in every Christless heart.

Still, the Parisians have good points. They are enthusiastic, quick, good-natured, and polite, and one cannot but like the people, while one hates their carelessness and sin.

A Terrible Past.

To thoroughly understand the French it is necessary to take into consideration their terrible past. Centuries when they were abused and down-trodden by an arrogant and an exacting aristocracy, and by an iron and monarchical rule, have had their reaction. From being serfs these people rose to be the avengers of their own wrongs and the wrongs of their forefathers. Blood ran like water; the guillotine severed fair necks that had known only the pressure of pearls and gold; justices, marquises, dukes, and princes were all laid low. Then when they had wiped out this much-hated class, they, though unqualified, took the law and power in their own hands. Faction after faction has risen and fallen, and the quiet and peace of one day has been only the hush and calm that foretells the coming storm. Their religion, which once held them in abject bonds and tyrannized over them almost as much as their temporal princes, filling them with countless superstitions, was found to be so inextricably mixed up with their politics that it had to go too. Priests were driven out, allegiance to Rome was thrown off, and from the ruins of their perverted faith rose infidelity, free thought, and a libertinism that has brought the morals of the people to be regarded as the lowest in Europe.

They are very difficult people to touch and influence on any religious grounds. The Bible to them is a book of old wives' fables; sin has no dread; the hereafter to them has no cause for anxiety.

Talk of sin and its danger, and they will smilingly answer, "Le peche ne m'effrai pas. Je l'aime."

When they die they will be dead, and that is the end of it, so the after result of sin need not concern them, they will tell you, hence they intend to have a good time of it—"eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow they die." Surely they are just the people who need the Salvation Army, though their fortresses may seem the most impregnable.

La Marechale Catherine Booth-Clibborn and Her Two Youngest Children.

Our First French Hall.

In a little hall situated at the end of an alley-way, up a flight of stairs, the Army Flag was first planted in a poor and communistic "quartier." A strange little gathering it would have looked to a stranger unacquainted with its purpose and meaning. A good crowd of French "ouvriers," dressed in the blue blouse always worn by them, and women in their little snow-white caps; knives and pistols not visible, but they were there, nevertheless, cherished close to the "citoyenne" breast as well as beneath the blue blouse of the "citoyen." A tough, hard, crowd, as the words of the sergeant of police proved: "They have got in that hall half the cut-throats of Paris." Oh, what a study of vicious faces, that look ready at any moment to do or dare anything; and on the platform only a few young girls. The one who is singing, with face uplifted, you might imagine to be some Catherine of Sienna or Madam Guyon; a sweet, holy, determined face, thin and worn with work, but full of courage and resolution. The crowd stares in wonder, spellbound and perplexed, as they listen to such a song as,

"Viens a Jesu, viens a Jesu,
Viens a Jesu, maintenant."

So "L'Armee du Salut" begun its work in France. Its leader was no strong man of military bearing, with stentorian voice, but Catherine Booth, eldest daughter of the General, who was sent to open the attack. She left her home, and, accompanied by four or five young girls, started the work because "God laid the poor infidels of Paris on my heart, and I could not sleep for thinking of them."

Neither Miss Booth nor those of her little band were at all perfect in the French language; in fact, some of them could not speak it at all. The translated hymns were anything but correct at first in diction, and the audience had no ear for music, and so could not or would not help them sing. These obstacles, which would have daunted a less courageous heart, were looked upon as mere trifles to be conquered by practice. "But," said a friend, who was trying to keep Miss Booth in her own country, where she had been wonderfully successful as a public speaker and in the saving of souls, "what is the use of going; you cannot speak the language yet?" "If I cannot talk to them about salvation in good French, I will do it in bad French, and I must and will make them understand." She did it, and, regardless of mistakes and laughter, continued to speak "bad French" in public, until she became perfectly correct and fluent in the language. With the same indomitable courage she inspired her girl-comrades, and they sorely needed it, for countless disappointments awaited them.

Night after night they prayed, sang, and spoke, until they were weary, but to little effect. The people remained immovable, though they came in crowds. A French Christian, who watched these first struggles, turning to Miss Booth said, "You had better go home to your mother. The Salvation Army cannot possibly succeed here; your efforts will be utterly useless." Perhaps part of this comforting advice might have found an unspoken echo in the heart of one who had never before put the sea between herself and a mother's love and sympathy, and just then she needed it more than she ever had in her life. But that echo was stifled by the brave answer, "If I cannot save France, I can die for it," and mother and home were not visited, until it could be done with news of victory.

The First French Convert.

It seemed as though the first convert would never come. The people would weep and seem impressed, but as to making any definite profession of even a desire for salvation, it seemed far from them. One night "la Capitaine" made her way to the back of the hall and sat down by a poor, dissolute workingwoman; she put her arms around her and asked her if she did not want Jesus as her Friend and Saviour. "I love you," she said, looking into the woman's face, while her tears fell upon the hard-worked hand. That melted the heart that no amount of preaching would have broken; and this touch of Divine love made the poor woman long to find its source. So before the night had passed, the Army's first Parisian convert had risen from the penitent form washed in the precious Blood of Jesus. The ice was broken then, and though the fight was still hard, by ones and twos their ranks were augmented, until a nice little platform full of saved French men and women could be seen nightly in the new hall on the Quai Valmy.

It would need a volume to describe the growth, toil, and struggle of this opening work, the frightful storms at the opening of another fort near by, or the gradual increase of interest and attention it created.

Children of La Marechale and Commissioner Booth-Clibborn.

One of the first things that called the public attention in Paris to the Army was the report of the opening of Switzerland. Persecuted, imprisoned, and expelled by the Swiss Government, Miss Booth and one or two of her girls became objects of the intensest interest and curiosity to the sight-seeing public, and visitors to the city came to see the "spectacle" on Sunday nights. The newspaper reporters rushed to the Quai Valmy and went away again to fill the papers with amusing and vivid reports of all that was to be seen and heard. They treated us much more fairly than the

papers in many a religious country. Alphonse Daudet wrote a novel. "L'Evangeliste," which was believed by the public to describe the Army; Sarsay wrote articles in the "Figaro;" and altogether the Army became an object of much attention.

A Converted Ball Room.

This state of things was taken advantage of to advance on to new ground, and a fashionable ball-room was hired on the Boulevard des Capucines, not far from the Grand Opera, for the purpose of reaching the wealthy, pleasure-loving population, who had as yet been unreached. Mirrors, gilded cornices, velvet curtains, and polished floor made a striking contrast to the Army hall down in La Villette; but not so striking as the difference in audiences. The boulevard without was blocked with carriages, bringing ladies dressed as for the opera. Gentlemen in evening dress, gold eye-glasses, glittering diamonds, and all the other necessities that go to make up the whole existence of some men, accompanied by bejewelled women, painted and powdered, and dressed up to the latest fashion, crowded every available seat.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn.

When the Salvationists appeared on the platform, opera-glasses came into great requisition and laughing comments came from all sides, but when Miss Booth knelt to pray silently for a few minutes, in perfect wonder the audience arose and gazed at her. "Is she sick?" asked one lady, and when answered, "Elle prie le bon Dieu," there were exclamations of wonder at the regardlessness of dress that made her willing to kneel down in the dust.

Miss Booth chose such subjects as, "Has God left Paris?" "What is the religion for Paris?" "Heart religion," etc. At first, as she spoke, upon the faces of the audience would be a look of amused wonder; fans would be fluttered, glasses used, and that false, simpering smile, that is put on like a mask in society, would hide the real heart feelings impenetrably.

After a while, as the power of God could be felt through the straight, yet tender, words of the speaker, they would for once forget themselves and be lost in the subject; fans would be folded, glasses forgotten, and the mask of seeming would drop, leaving on those faces a look of weary longing, apprehension, anguish, or pain, which showed clearly that the heart beneath had not been quite stilled and deadened by the false joy and empty etiquette of the Paris world. Some of the ladies, who had most certainly not come to weep, were unable to keep back the tears, which washed away the rouge, and as they wiped the tears away they wiped the paint away with it, making their handkerchiefs red and their faces pale.

All Classes Reached.

Both upper and lower Paris society has been reached by the "Salutistes," and now their Headquarters in that city can be found next to the Grand Opera of Rue Auber, in the very heart of the city, while the Quai Valmy hall and Rue de Belleville theatre are being worked to reach the lowest and poorest of the city. The visiting of saloons and holding little meetings among their frequenters have been very successful. The officer would get the license to sell the Army gazette, En Avant, on the streets, and the selling of their paper was an excuse to enter the cafe. When once inside they would sing and pray if possible, never losing an opportunity to talk to the people about their souls. Thousands of papers have been thus sold amongst those who would never think of reading the Bible, and this paper is all about salvation, from beginning to end. Were they given away like tracts, the people would most probably throw them aside, but when they have taken the trouble to pay their five cents they will put the paper in their pocket and take it home. Here is an article from the daily paper "Paris." It shows the impression made on the thoroughly irreligious in these cafes when visiting them:

"In a cafe in the Quartier Latin, last month, a numerous party was assembled by the usual haphazard of public-houses. Drinking, smoking, card-playing, singing, speech-making, and chatting were the order of the day.

"Young fellows caring neither for God nor devil, and pretending to be tipsy for the sake of being funny, were joking one another from one table to another.

"Women were laughing with that laugh which sets one's teeth on edge—loud, false, mirthless, the counterfeit of gayety. They passed from one man to another—familiar, free, cajoling, 'hail-fellow-well-met' with all.

"In this place at this hour, Mr. Lustings and Mr. Forget-good hold their court in Parisian life.

"Suddenly the door opened, and after several seconds of astonished silence, a clamor arose—tumultuous, extraordinary, formidable—greeting the entrance of a woman Cadet of the Salvation Army.

"She was a young girl of some 16 years, of the Nell Horn type. With her delicate profile rendered more delicate by being encased in a great, black funereal bonnet, very pale, her eyes bright and sad, erect, straight, in her little old woman's dress, with a voice whose English accent heightened its sweetness, she offered the Salvation Army Journal, En Avant.

"They were free to buy it or let her return as she came.

"But one woman knew no better than to insult her pure young sister. Some men had the weakness to laugh at the would-be joke.

Love Conquerors.

"The Salvationist remained untroubled. She invited the girl who had insulted her to 'come to Jesus,' and explained to her the advantages of conversion, paraphrasing the dictum of her leader, 'You make pleasure your god; make God your pleasure.' The assembled cafe, delighted, received this little sermon with redoubled repartees, some few witty, many more idiotic. In spite of this brutal avalanche aimed at that which was sacred to her, which outraged her purity, the face of the Salvationist kept its serenity.

"The conflict between one little devotee of 16 years and a company of some sixty men and women, sceptical and shameless, was prolonged. At last a woman, moved by the spectacle of such strong faith responding so bravely and generously to all kinds of filthy speeches, begged the assembly to leave off. It was the woman who had begun it all!

"This sudden change of tactics provoked by an attitude more than human—heavenly—gave me the secret of the rapid religious growth of this organization. It possesses courage and resignation. These are the first virtues of apostleship, those which arouse in the masses admiration and pity."

La Marechale, as Miss Booth was called, has spent hours with her little band in this work, and as a result hundreds of people have been faced with the facts regarding their eternal welfare, who would never have entered a religious meeting or stirred a step to hear about such things. In one week the Cadets in the Paris Training Home visited nine hundred and seventy-four cafes, speaking and singing in almost all of them.

La Marechale was married in 1887, to Commissioner Arthur Clibborn, who is now in joint command with her of the S. A. Territory comprising Belgium and Holland. The Commissioner is a red-hot Salvationist, inspired with the highest ideals of Christianity, and has also made a reputation as a writer and poet. His articles on holiness subjects, and his collection of poems, under the caption of "The Astronomy of Holiness," will be well-known to many of our readers.

Booth-Clibborn have good reasons to be encouraged and hopeful for the future of the Army in the Territory under their command.

COSMOPOLITANETTES

UNITED STATES.

The Commander had a glorious time in Cleveland. The Army and Navy Hall was crowded to overflowing. Tremendous enthusiasm. Over $1,000 income.

Mr. James Lowe, of Grand Rapids, a consistent and generous friend of the Army, has just died.

Brigadier Streeton, an old Canadian Headquarters' officer, has been quite ill, but is recovering.

The American Cry appears in new type this week. It looks clean and up-to-date. Captain Bloss' article on "Soul-Saving in the Klondike," is reproduced.

AUSTRALASIA.

A side light on how Adelaide comrades announced the General is found in "Quiz," a local paper, thus: "For effective advertising at a minimum cost it would be hard to beat the Salvation Army. There has been a grand parade through the city of peak caps and poke bonnets, marching in single file, with huge cards on the backs and fronts of the wearers, announcing the arrival of their only General."

The Commandant is calling for 500 Candidates as a result of the General's Campaign.

The Harvest Festival effort was a record-breaker.

This is about Major McMillan's boy: We learn that Adjt. McMillan, the Commandant's Private Secretary, has such a choice fund of anecdotes at his disposal that he is regarded as a sort of Salvation Mark Twain. We are hoping soon to see him develop into a writer of repute. This, coupled with his handling of a good snapshot camera, should enable him to enrich the pages of the Cry in months to come.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdel have been touring in the Transvaal.

The comrades of the Graaf-Reinet corps reached the splendid total of $600 for Self-Denial.

Brigadier Rauch opened a new hall at Oudtshoorn. Four people got converted the first day.

BELGIUM.

The work is most encouraging. On Easter Sunday a new session of the Training Home for officers was commenced.

Major Palstra is very sick.

Major Schoch is visiting every corps in the country, helping and encouraging the officers with the experience that his long service gives him.

The Social Branch of the Army is doing beautiful work in Holland and Belgium. In the "Refuge" at Amsterdam among the 68 inmates, 29 have been brought to Jesus.

Commissioner and La Marechale

FRANCE.

The special crusade led by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg is doing wonders and promises to be a success.

Very soon in the city of Calvin, Geneva, the Salvation Army will begin its Social Work by opening a Home large enough to receive 70 or 80 poor and old people.

Major and Mrs. Bohadour, from Gujernt, going to Sweden to take a well-deserved rest after a ten years' period of hard work in India, stopped at Paris for a few days.

ITALY.

During a special series of meetings at Turin 38 souls came to Jesus and 20 persons were made soldiers of the Army.

New corps have been opened in the country. The Territorial Leader, Brigadier Clibborn, is most encouraged.

Short Sermons.

The Sinner's Cowardice.

MEN everywhere know that they are not living according to their own conceptions of right, and therefore they have a sense of self-condemnation; and this asserts itself in spite of their arguments and excuses. It is of no avail to the soul tormented with a sense of guilt to say, "The woman tempted me," or "I was under the pressure of great fear, or shame, or dread;" this is no real palliation. Hence, the universal fear to face the future, the disinclination to think about God, the predisposition to blind the eyes to the proofs of His existence, and to harden the heart against His claims. Truly conscience makes cowards of us all until cleansed from dead works, purified and restored to the throne of the soul.—Catherine Booth.

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Gifts of the Spirit.

BY all means let us aspire after higher gifts, but by all means let us use those we already possess. How true it is that to him that hath—that is, who uses what he has—shall be given; and from him that hath not—that is, who uses not what he possesses—that which he already has shall be taken away! Neglect the ability you already have for glorifying God and saving men, and that ability will shrivel up, degenerate and waste away.—General Booth.

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"Go and Do Thou Likewise."

SOME of our friends think that it is a mistake to pick up the wretched outcasts who have got among modern thieves, unless, first, we get them to a church, or a sacrament, or a penitent form. Even then some would wait until they had been tested a little, lest they should seem to run after the loaves and fishes! But is not that in reality the spirit, not of Christ's pattern-neighbor, but of the priestly bigot who passed by? If the Levite had seen a brother Levite on the roadside, no doubt he would have stopped to care for one of his own cloth! But because he found a poor, defrauded stranger—he passed on! Is it not a narrow, a mean, a base standard? Is it not positively contemptible beside the lofty example and beautiful teaching of Jesus Christ? "Which now of these three," He asked, "was neighbor to him that fell among thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise."—Bramwell Booth.

"Those who are kind, sympathetic, considerate and thoughtful of the pleasure and interest of others never lack friends."

A Good Shepherd:

OR,

What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

(In the early days of the Salvation Army the S. A. Bookstore published a number of racily-written, enthusiastic and deeply-spiritual pamphlets which had a wide circulation in the United Kingdom, but were probably only known to a limited number in the colonies. Among these pamphlets was one with the above title, which a shepherd wrote to the General. There is so much excellent reading, and so many simple, but striking, object-lessons in this letter that we are sure that every soldier and Christian will be benefitted by them; and considering that it is practically unknown in Canada and the United States, we have decided to reprint the same.—Ed.)

Dear General,—

I beg leave to address these few lines to you, being led, I believe, by the Holy Spirit to do so. Ever since I gave my heart to God, two years and three months ago, the Holy Spirit has been continually whispering in my ear, "Write to the General and tell him of the courage and endurance you have to display during a year's shepherding of the natural flock of sheep."

I think there are two classes of people who, if they are faithful to their masters, have to endure more hardships than any other class that I know of, and these are the shepherds of the human and natural flocks.

As a shepherd of the natural flock, I will endeavor to show you in as few words as I can how it is attended to.

I will commence with my duties at the beginning of the year. My flock on an average through the year numbers about 670 sheep, and 300 of these are divided into small lots and run in the meadows of a very large farm; and the other 370 are fed on turnips through the winter, and they have to have all their food carried to them, let the weather be what it will.

At 5.30 on the 1st of January I rise and get my breakfast, so as to be at my sheepfolds as soon as I can see how to feed the sheep, and the first thing I do is

To Examine Them

and see that they are all in their usual health. Sometimes I find one or more that are not as well as they should be, and sometimes I find one with its head tightly fixed between the rails of the hurdles, through reaching after the food outside of the fold, and when the sheep get their heads so fixed, they are obliged to stay there till I come to the rescue.

Dear General, how many hundreds of the human flock, of those who have been washed in the precious Blood of Christ, have been tempted to reach their heads through the boundary of the fold of God, and have yielded to temptation in order to get the drink? And when the old serpent has once got their heads outside the fold, if there is no shepherd to go to the rescue, he will soon find a way to drag them out altogether. And when a Christian falls back into the world through drink, you know that it is very hard work to get him again into the fold of Christ. I do praise God that He has enabled me to keep from tasting any of the intoxicating drink for nearly three years and a half; and although my work is very hard, and I am very much exposed to the severity of the weather, I never enjoyed such good health in my life as I have since I have given it up.

As soon as I have fed those sheep in the fold, and seen that they are all right, I have to be off and see to those that are in the meadows, as they also want feeding this time of the year, as there is not much grass—at least not enough to keep them. The first thing I do when I get to the field where each lot is, is to get them together and look them over and count them, and if they are all right, I give them some food and am off to another lot, to serve them the same as those in the last field, and then off to the next. Perhaps there is one missing from the number in this field, and then

I Search for It Till I Find it;

and if I cannot find it in the meadow it should be in, I go to the next, and so on till I find it and bring it back to its right place. Sometimes in the sharp weather the sheep creep into the hedge after the ivy leaves, and in doing so, a rough bramble will often get round their neck, and hold them firm in the hedge, and there they have to stay till I find them; but if I did not trouble to count, I should not miss them, and there the sheep would stay and die.

How many poor human sheep, after they have been brought into the fold of Christ, have wandered outside again after some worldly thing, and the devil has got his arm around them and held them firmly in his grasp till they died, because there has been no shepherd near to miss them and to rescue them!

New Year's Day is stock-taking day, which means that I am to give an account to my master of the number of sheep that were on the farm last New Year's Day, the number of lambs that have been born, the number of sheep and lambs that have died during the year, and the cause of their death. Now comes the test of care. The master knows by his books how many sheep he had last New Year's Day, and how many lambs there were born, and how many sheep he has bought and sold during the year, and how many deaths have been reported to him; and if the living sheep do not correspond with his account, I am called to account for every sheep that is missing. It is no use for me to say that so many had strayed and I could not find them, because he would say in a minute, "You should have reported it to me, and

I Would have Helped You Find Them;

but now I shall discharge you for neglecting to do what you are employed by me to do, and what you receive your weekly wages for doing."

Would to God that the shepherds of the human flock could look the dear Lord in the face and say that not a sheep had strayed during the year, but what had been brought again into the fold of Christ! How grieving it must be to the dear Lord to see His sheep wandering, and perhaps lost, after He has purchased them with His Own most precious Blood!

After my master has taken stock of all his sheep, I have to be off again to my work, for my sheep want more time spent on them than I can bestow, for this time of the year the days are so short that I am toiling with them early and late.

I think I must pass over New Year's Day to the next morning. It may be raining or snowing, but whatever weather it is I have to face it, not for an hour, or two, but for the whole day. Many a time I have been wet through to my skin before nine o'clock of a cold winter's morning, and have had to work in my wet clothes all day. You may think that is not very comfortable, but it has to be done if the master's flock is properly attended to.

The poor shepherd is not like the men of other trades, for he has to work the whole seven days. I have known what it has been not to have one single day, week-day or Sunday, for five years.

Dear sir, you may think to yourself that you wonder men do it, but

The Sheep Must be Attended to,

and if one will not, another will, for the Dear Lord has sent the sheep, and He provides someone to feed them.

In all branches of work the laborers have to toil all day in order to be entitled to their day's pay, and in order to satisfy their natural masters. And I should think that those who are employed to work for God would be willing to work as many hours for Him as for an earthly master.

But it is the same with the human shepherds as it is with the natural shepherds; for where there is one good, diligent shepherd, there are two or three that are more careless and easy with regard to their sheep. And as the good natural shepherd is known by his sheep, so is the good human shepherd known by the earnestness and zeal of those he cares for.

You may think that it does not take me all day to feed my sheep. No, it does not. I have a lot of hurdling to do, and not only that, but to examine my sheep, for they are subject to two very bad diseases. One of them is called the foot-rot, and this is a disease that causes me a great deal of very hard work. And the human sheep are subject to the very same disease, only the human sheep get the rot in the heart instead of in the feet.

If I had 200 sheep perfectly sound in their feet, and I put one or two sheep with them that had bad, rotten feet, and let them remain with them three weeks or a month, and never dress them for that time, I should not only have those two or three lame ones, but I should find nearly or quite all the 200 lame as well, and their feet so bad that it would take me a long while to cure them.

It is just the same with the human sheep. You may have 200 good Christian people, and if you were to put two or three vile, black-hearted sinners with them for three weeks or a month, you would find that if the Christians could not turn these bad ones, the bad ones would make a lot of the good ones as bad as themselves. First one would fall away, then another, till they had nearly all gone rotten at heart, unless they were well looked after by their shepherd.

If you only knew the hours that I spent in a week dressing these lame sheep in order to keep them as sound in their feet as I can! It seems hard for some to stand in the open air on a frosty night for half an hour at an open-air service; but I have to stand bending almost double for two hours at a time, in the dead of winter, dressing lame sheep. If I do this in order to save the natural sheep, how much more should be done

To Save the Human Sheep,

when one human sheep is worth all the natural sheep in the world? We want to be more earnest in visiting the lame human sheep, and in getting them to the open-air, as that is where some of the best battles are fought.

There is, perhaps, one thing that the human shepherds are tempted to indulge in that they could not indulge in if they were working for an earthly master, and that is the hours they are able to lie in bed in the morning when the human sheep are at work. But you will think, "What can the human shepherds do if they are up so early in the morning?" Well, if it is a Salvation Army Captain that is the shepherd, he or she can take an armful of War Crys and go to the pit's mouth or to the factory gate and sell them to the people as they are going to work, and at the same time they can see some of their sheep and give them a word of encouragement to keep their minds stayed on God during the day; and you may depend upon it that that would be a great help, as they are so mixed up with the rough element of the world. And not only would it cheer the sheep, but the worldly people would take a great deal of notice of it, and it would be the means of bringing a good number of them to the meetings who would not otherwise come.

(To be continued.)

Timely Topics.

No. III.—The Way to be Great.

HUMILITY is the royal road to favor with God and promotion from Him.

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It seems to be a law in the spiritual world that a man must be small in his own sight to be great in God's sight.

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Asked who should be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, Jesus, in reply, took a child, set him in the midst of His disciples, and said, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child the same is greatest in the Kingdom of heaven," and again, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

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It is easy to understand in everyday life between man and man that if an individual is full of his own conceits there is no room left in him for the ideas of another. Dogmatic persons, full of themselves, have no room for anyone but themselves, and this is bad enough for man's fellows to endure, but when that atom of dust, called man, sets up his notions against those of his Maker it is no wonder that God keeps such an one at arm's length and "Beholdeth the proud afar off."

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How easy it is for the most spiritual to drift and take back to his old position of rule that self which was crucified and reckoned dead!

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Saul was one who had the Spirit of God upon him, prophesied among the prophets, was looked up to as one amongst that honored company, and, as an exhibition of how God exalteth the humble and meek, hear the words of the Lord by the mouth of Samuel: "When thou wast LITTLE IN THINE OWN SIGHT, wast thou not made head of the tribes of Israel, and the Lord anointed thee King over Israel?"

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But again, when Saul had lost the childlike spirit which the Lord delighted to honor, it was said to him: "Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being King."

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Thus Saul lost his position as leader and who can say how many who once were Kings in God's hosts, owe their decline and eclipse to the loss of the once humble, childlike heart, the bringing back of the great "I"?

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Let us, then, humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt us in due time.

Major Southall on the Wing.

HE VISITS HESPELER, BRANTFORD AND PARIS.

Galt Brass Band and Orchestra Accompanies Him

Saturday and Sunday at Hespeler was looked forward to with great expectation, as Major Southall, with the Galt Brass Band and orchestra, was to conduct a series of meetings with us. The town was completely aroused, and hundreds of people attended the open-air meetings.

The barracks also was well filled on Sunday with a very intelligent audience. The Major was at his best and God's Spirit came upon many hearts. Men were seen to weep over their wretched sins, and two poor, broken-hearted backsliders returned to the fold. The bandsmen worked hard from knee-drill until the close of the engagement late at night. God bless these noble warriors, and may they increase as they march on.

Commenting on the Major's addresses, one very intelligent lady, who had been a member of the Methodist Church, said they were the best she had ever heard.

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Early Monday morning Major and I wheeled over to Brantford, where we were received heartily by Adjutant Coombs and wife. We had a good and very interesting time here. It was grand to see the people shower the money onto the drum, as Capt. Hellman appealed for a good offering. The meeting inside was a good jubilification. The P. O. took for his subject, "Be just with God."

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Next day, with Adjt. Coombs, started for Paris, and found Capt. and Mrs. Coy ready with a well-filled table to satisfy our hunger and thirst, which some way or other seems to come upon one with extraordinary vigor while travelling the country roads, I believe, without many exceptions. We were all well pleased with the Paris comrades and the meeting we had together. They are a noble lot of soldiers and know how to fight the devil.

• • • •

After a little refreshment and sleep, the Major starts for Woodstock, Adjutant for Brantford, and myself for Hespeler, all bound to do our best for God and the Army.—Capt. Slote.

Weekly Watchword:

Called of God.

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Soldier, follow Me."

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Soldier, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls in cares and pleasures—
"Soldier, love Me more than these."

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

The Call of Abraham.—Gen. xii. 1-9.

When God called Abraham He did not show him the end of the way from the beginning. Abraham was even told to depart upon his journey before he knew where he was going. What God asked of His servant was blind obedience. And this Abraham gave. The far-reaching blessing to himself and his race which Abraham was promised by Heaven was conditional on the carrying out of his share of the covenant.

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MONDAY.

The Call of Moses.—Ex. iii. 1-18.

Moses was keeping the sheep when God's call came to him. It is generally those who are busy about the duties which they have, to whom God confides others. Moses had some objections to offer when he heard of the great work which was to be his. His doubts were o this own capacity to fulfill it. God answered those objections by the assurance of the assistance of His Might which, through His servant, should appeal to and prevail with the Children of Israel.

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TUESDAY.

The Call of Gideon.—Judges vi. 11-18.

It was in a dark hour that the Lord came to Gideon. Defeat seemed staring Israel in the face, and Gideon's heart was sore at the thought. It was a surprise to Gideon when the Lord told him that it was to him He looked for the deliverance of His people. Gideon was the least in his father's house, but he was great in God's sight, because of the sorrow which he felt over Israel's fall. Those who grieve over wrong are best able to relieve or redress.

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WEDNESDAY.

The Call of Samuel.—I. Sam. iii. 1-10.

That some people are called from very childhood to work out the purposes of God is evident from the call of Samuel. The childish obedience with which God's voice was heeded and obeyed was the foundation stone of the prophet's work. Let us make it easy for children to hear the voice of God, and encourage them to obey, for many a child called of God has been so discouraged by those of older growth that a lifework of blessing has been withered ere it bloomed.

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THURSDAY.

The Call of Elisha.—I. Kings xix. 19-21.

Another man called to leave his toil to attempt a mightier mission. Elisha's readiness for the fight is a good example for every latter soldier of God's cause. Not an objection, not a delay, not a question. All Elisha asked was that he might kiss his parents good-bye. Oh, that there were more such reckless ready answers to the call of God.

FRIDAY.

The Call of Jeremiah.—Jer. i. 1-10.

It is a big relief and comfort to many a simple soul, who feels the call of God, but is painfully conscious of their own incapacity, to remember how very much the same has been felt by some of the mightiest prophets that this world has had. Jeremiah's greatest fear was that he would not be able to talk, but God told him that He would tell him what to say and touched His servant's mouth that the message might be well said.

SATURDAY.

The Call of Paul.—Acts ix. 1-9.

The conversion of the Apostle to the Gentiles is an instance of the fact that some men are called of God while their foot is on the threshold of salvation. Paul started even in that blind bewildering moment on the road to Damascus with the greatest credential for a savor of men, viz., willingness to know and to do the will of God.

Our Weekly Bible Lesson.

The First Disciples.

John i. 35-49.

The calling of the first disciples was a momentous event. It not only surrounded the work of our Lord while on earth with the halo of human sympathy and ensured the continuance of that work when He should have left the world, but set an example for all leaders in the blessing and saving of humanity as to what kind of followers they should ask for and closely trust.

Since our Lord felt the need of comradeship in His work, as well as of co-operation in His purposes, we may safely say that a craving for such in the latter day followers of His principles and work is both natural and allowable.

Just what was the tie which held Christ to those rough fishermen and other humble toilers we can only imagine. That it was a close one we may be sure. While His actual presence lingered with them the disciples did little or nothing in the way of public work—we do not hear their names mentioned in connection with the working of any miracle or other manifestation of power. We must, therefore, suppose that their chief work during those brief wonderful three years was to stand close beside the Saviour in His ministry, and render Him the joy and comfort of their love and sympathy, while amid the buffetings of the unsympathetic mob.

It was after the Ascension of Jesus that His disciples who had hitherto shared in His sufferings and triumph by sympathy participated actually in the work He came to do. From their hands was handed down the eye-witness testimony of the marvellous scenes which an unbelieving world would willingly have had men forget, and though the witnessing cost them dear—most of them died martyrs' deaths—they proved by unflinching bravery and steadfast faithfulness that they were worthy of the trust reposed in them by their Lord.

A brief glance at the character of men chosen by Jesus to be His disciples will repay all leaders in His cause.

They were mostly poor, but they were devoted to the death; they were not what the world called learned, yet they had that best kind of all knowledge, which works by love. That they were men of the right stamp is proved by the fact that one of the first immediately set about the enlisting of his own brother. That religion is of a real kind which, like charity, "begins at home."

How to Kill a Meeting.

Come late.

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Don't try to bring anyone else.

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Take a back seat.

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Don't join in the singing, only listen.

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Don't testify. Somebody can talk better, or you may make a blunder.

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If you are called to speak, say something nasty about somebody's testimony, or make a sarcastic comment on a drunk at the back of the hall.

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Think, during the meeting, about how you must remember all the flaws in the proceedings, and how to rehearse them most strikingly at home.

xxxxx

If the meeting drags, yawn as conspicuously as possible.

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If anything funny happens somewhere in the audience, look that way and tell the one next to you, loud enough for all to hear.

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Look as sour as you can; don't smile unless you laugh at somebody's misfortune or testimony.

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Forget that the leader needs your prayer, sympathy and attention.

Most people turn their attention to the task of knowing themselves a good deal like a man setting out to discover a gold mine.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.
(As it appears now.)

GAZETTE.

Promotions:—

Lieut. Brown, Winnipeg Shelter, to be Captain at Hannah Circle Corps.

Appointments—

MRS. MAJOR SMEETON to take charge of the Enquiry Department, Territorial Headquarters.

ENSIGN MAGGIE HILL to take charge of Arnprior Corps.

ENSIGN NELLIE SMITH to take charge of Bowmanville Corps and District.

ENSIGN ANNIE TAYLOR to take charge of Brandon Corps and District.

ENSIGN SMITH, Brandon, to take charge of Regina Corps and District.

Corrections—

STAFF-CAPTAIN TAYLOR to be Chancellor of the Eastern Province.

ENSIGN PUGH to take charge of the Montreal Financial District.

ENSIGN CUMMINS to take charge of the Pacific Coast Financial District.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

The War Cry Editorials

The Field Commissioner.

The trip to England has been most crowded with business to our brave Leader, Miss Booth. Major Smeeton, who accompanied her, states that few were the nights when the Commissioner enjoyed sleep worthy of the name. It is a source of amazement to him how Miss Booth could go through such an immense amount of business in so short a time, and conduct such exhausting meetings right after such severe illness during her ocean passage. He also cannot say enough of the unqualified words of appreciation our Territorial Chieftain had to say, at every opportunity, of her soldiers and officers, who, without question, are exceedingly precious to her.

It will be understood that Miss Booth's health after such a heavy strain upon her physical and mental capacities, will of necessity be subject to a reaction. We all join in a fervent petition before the Throne of our Heavenly Captain to continue to sustain the Field Commissioner and supply through Grace what Nature's forces refuse to give.

Major Smeeton.

Major Smeeton, who could hardly be called an excitable gentleman, dropped into the Editorial Office all smiles and was simply enthusiastic in his description of the meetings in England. He says there is no mistake that Miss Booth has a tight hold on the hearts of the Londoners. She was simply overwhelmed with the demonstrative delight of the people's affection; so much so that the Major feared a complete break-down. The Major also gave a most excellent account of the genial way in which the leading spirits of International Headquarters assisted, and he could not speak in terms high enough of their whole-hearted devotion and rare abilities. Commissioner Coombs is still noted for his solos, and Major Smeeton has caught a few winged words for the War Cry from the Chief-of-the-Staff's councils, which, he said, eclipsed everything he had heard. He felt simply inspired by Mr. Bramwell Booth's address.

WELCOME HOME!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER RETURNS FROM ENGLAND.

T. H. Q. Staff and Band Meet Miss Booth at the Union Station —"At Home" at the Rescue Home on Tuesday Night.

"You never miss the violet till the lovely flower is gone." We have never had a better opportunity to prove the truth of these words than during the recent absence of Miss Booth from our midst, and when we even heard the possibility of her old English comrades darling to ask back their former leader we stand amazed, and find that the mere thought of her farewell from our Territory is n severe test to our discipline by suggesting thoughts of insubordination. At any rate, it was obvious to all onlookers that the enthusiastic welcome given to the Field Commissioner was thoroughly spontaneous and sincere, and that Territorial Headquarters more than ever has learned to prize the privilege of having Miss Booth as their Commissioner, and are more appreciative of all that her administration has meant to the Canadian Field.

It was the first day of May—quite a poetic introduction—when streamlets of Salvationists wended their way—on wheels or otherwise—toward the Union Station to welcome the Field Commissioner, on her return from England, in a proper fashion, especially conspicuous were the scarlet-tuniced members of the Staff Band. When the New York Express drew up at the depot at 9:35 a.m., and the familiar figure of our beloved Commissioner emerged, accompanied by her faithful shadow, "Gypsy," and the smiling Major Smeeton, a thundering volley of welcome shouts rang through the noisy station that startled the hurrying passengers and reminded them amid scenes of rush and bustle that genuine love, respect and cheerful devotion is not an idle tale in the Salvation Army, but a living, stronger-growing reality.

The Field Commissioner had a word of cheer or thanks and a hand-shake for everybody. But not only her officers, but also soldiers and friends who had been fortunate to hear the time of arrival, were anxious to grasp the Commissioner's hand, and to let her know in some manner, the deep interest they have in her welfare.

"Commissioner, Mr. R—— would like to shake hands with you." With these words Staff-Capt. Manton introduced one of the friends who were at the train, while others pressed around, eager not to miss the rare opportunity to exchange greetings with Miss Booth.

"Boom, boom, boom, rrrrr-bang!" The Staff Band strikes up a rousing tune just as the Field Commissioner passes the outside entrance of the depot. Major Smeeton takes this opportunity to escape the many friendly hand-shakes, and with his better half disappears, wearing a smile of triumph, and doubtless hungering for a glance at that lovely heir-in-law of his. We do not begrudge the Comptroller of Finance a few hours of solid comfort in his home, for during his stay in London he had his share of rush and work.

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"How glad I am to be home again, I can't tell in words," said Miss Booth during her hasty breakfast after the arrival in Toronto.

"How I got across the Atlantic is a mystery to me," she continued, "for the Captain of the "Campania," who is an officer of much experience, and a gentleman with his heart in the right place, stated that he had seldom experienced a storm like it. The ocean was rough during the whole voyage, and near the end of the journey we were compelled to stand still for about eight hours. It was during these eight hours that the wreck of the "Stella" occurred, with such an appalling loss of life."

The Commissioner's boat arrived at Liverpool on Sunday morning, instead of Friday. The Chief-of-the-Staff walked the wharves of that city nearly all day Saturday, watching for the arrival of the steamer. We can imagine that he would be rather anxious about the safety of it, since the news of the wreck of the "Stella" had been received that very day. The Chief only left just in time to catch the train to fill an appointment.

Commissioners Howard and Coombs and other Staff Officers of I. H. Q., met Miss Booth on Sunday morning. A reception which had been planned by the Liverpool corps had to be abandoned on account of the delay.

The welcome meeting of the Field Commissioner at Exeter Hall on Easter Sunday has been reported already in last week's War Cry in an excellent manner, by Commissioner Nicol, and will be fresh in the mind of our readers. Miss Booth was especially touched by the intense love and enthusiasm manifested by many of the poorest, who had come from the slums and factories to see and hear "Miss Eva," and who, with tears in their eyes, fought for a chance to get a close glimpse at her. The very first to meet her were two of her converts, who got saved when our Leader was a Captain in one of the London corps.

The Field Commissioner conducted also, on the Sunday after Easter, three meetings at the Rink, London, which were the most remarkable series of services known for many a year. There had never been such a great crowd in attendance as turned out to the morning meeting. The enthusiasm and expressions of loyalty displayed by soldiers, friends and frequenters were nothing short of marvellous. Before, between, and after the meetings crowds would pass to the front to try and get "just a word" in, or just to touch her hand, "bless her." There was the aged mother who, with choked voice, stammered, "She saved my boy," and the young man and woman who remembered how their "daddy" got saved from that cursed drink through the efforts of the Field Commissioner.

The soldiers and bandsmen felt especially honored to have their former commander with them. They turned out in full force from early morn till the prayer meeting closed at night, and worked with a will and beautiful discipline.

The band could not allow Miss Booth to leave the building for anything. They had rooms fixed up for her comfort, and had monopolized the right to provide food and a special waiter, as well as showing delicate attention to the little things that go to manifest the appreciation and affection to those for whom we have the highest regards —some fresh cut flowers on the table, and the anticipation of little wants—the band played some of their best music in honor of the distinguished visitor.

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Miss Booth paid a flying visit to Paris where she shared the joy of Mrs. Lucy Booth-Hellberg over the advent of an infant daughter. Paris "the magnificent," is as beautiful as it is wicked; such was the intensified impression upon Miss Booth during her last drive through its streets. Its beautiful boulevards were crowded with multitudes of pleasure-seekers; its stores had every attraction displayed to catch customers—little girls dancing, women singing and performing, plastic representations of the latest murder with all its revolting details, and numerous other devices to spring new sensation upon a public whose sensitiveness has been dulled and become morbid.

Another brief respite from the wearying councils of business, which kept Miss Booth working under high pressure, was a quick trip to Holland, where the Marechale is at present making her domicile.

The few days spent in London were improved to the very last opportunity. Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Chief-of-the-Staff, had freed himself from all business that bore postponement in order to give the Field Commissioner a chance to fully bring before I. H. Q. all her plans, proposals and requests concerning the Territory that claims her undivided attention; and judging from her past successes and the knowing twinkle in Miss Booth's eye, she has obtained, very likely, all she went to ask for.

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The Welcome Home Tea and Council.

Tuesday, the day after the Commissioner's arrival, a welcome tea and officers' meeting had been arranged to take place at the Rescue Home, Yonge St. A plain, but inviting, spread, and a good cup of tea, was enjoyed and merry conversation aided the process of digestion. All guests wore a holiday smile in gratitude of our beloved Leader's safe return. We felt profoundly grateful to God and the General to call Miss Booth OUR Commissioner, and hope that the day when she shall receive orders to exchange commands may be far distant yet.

The gathering after the tea was a blessed, refreshing and inspiring time. Brigadier Gaskin was the first to express in warm words the gratitude which the officers and soldiers of the Central troops felt to have the Commissioner at the helm again. Brigadier Complin soloed, and Major Smeeton made an excellent speech which did us all a deal of good. Mrs. Colonel Jacobs and Ensign Welch, alias "Gypsy," also spoke fittingly.

The Commissioner's talk can only be imagined by those who have had the privilege to listen to her on similar occasions. Without tying herself down to a formal address, she most vividly pictures her journey, the landing, the welcome, the meetings, the hours of council, the numerous touching incidents both grave and humorous, and with it all, frequently interspersed words of counsel, advice, admonition and encouragement—and all in such a fascinating, methodless method that the escape of time is not noticed, and one regrets when Miss Booth comes to the conclusion of the whole matter. We were delighted, nay, we were blessed. One would think that, instead of being away from this continent for only five weeks, the Commissioner had returned from a cruise around the world and an absence of ten years.

God bless the Field Commissioner!
And let all the people say: "Amen!"

Commissioner Lucy's Baby.

Joy's lips have again kissed away the shadows of sorrow hanging over the home and heart of our French Commissioners in the birth of a sweet baby girl.

The mystery of God's providence has permitted exceptional grief to rend the tender spirit of Commissioner Lucy in the transplanting of her two baby blossoms to His Own Garden above, there to bloom in the cloudless sunshine of the skies.

So world-wide has been the door of heart-sympathy thrown open to one so singularly bereaved that we know that the brighter news of this choice blessing will awaken springs of spontaneous gratitude and joy in thousands of homes.

We pray that it may be within the purposes of God to permit this messenger of the skies to remain with us, and fulfill her mission on earth while her two little sisters fulfill theirs in heaven.

NOTICE.

A third contribution from Brigadier Complin, under the heading of "Timely Topics," can be found on page 6 of this issue.

Colonel Jacobs and the Trade Staff

AT THE SOCIAL FARM.

The Chief Secretary Engineering a "Bee."

Being deeply interested in Salvation Army operations in general, and the Social Work, as represented by the Farm, in particular, I, in company with a friend journeyed thither on a recent Monday with a view to ascertaining for myself how matters were progressing.

The agreeable overseer welcomed us in a truly Salvationist fashion, with a strong hand-clasp and a hearty "God bless you!" But surprises were in store, for, passing by the long, low building, called the Hoggery, we came in sight of an army of excavators.

"Who can they be? What is on hand now, Adjutant?"

"Oh," says he, "the Chief Secretary is improving the occasion. For so far as I can ascertain, he learned that the Trade Staff had been working at high pressure recently, and the Chief Secretary thought that a few holidays would do them no harm. Consequently he arranged a Farm bee, and here they are.

"That tall, lithe fellow, with the Roman nose, is Adjt. Adams, the Assistant Trade Secretary. The other six-footer, brawny and muscular, is Sergt.-Major Seeds; they are shovelling out the clay like Trojans. The medium-sized man, with agile figure, who seems to be ever performing gymnastic feats in a deep trench, is the Trade Secretary, Major Horn. At the end on hands and knees and peering intently at the water issuing from an unknown source is the Chief Secretary. He is just now saying, 'Now, boys, out with the clay, swing up the earth.'"

"But how are we going to stop this water?" says a young fellow whose name is Capt. Brooks.

"Oh, never mind that," says the Colonel. "We will manage the brain work all right."

Here further down in the trench is the irrepressible Charley, for every time he is spoken to he laughs most uproariously, and his fat sides fairly shake with glee. Harry, the strong, is also digging away.

While we stand by we see lengths of pipes adjusted, engineering difficulties overcome and the work progressing satisfactorily.

"What arrangement is this you are making?" I queried Colonel Jacobs.

"Oh," said he, "we want to save time and labor, and we want to offer better water accommodation for our cattle. Last year we excavated a pond, made it into a reservoir. Now we are making these arrangements to convey the water into the stables without any pumping whatever."

"Good! And who is the originator of the scheme?" I questioned.

The Chief Secretary, ever modest, busied himself with his work, so I had to question someone else and found that it was an invention emanating from the fertile brain of the Colonel himself.

The force had been augmented considerably by this time, for here is Adjt. Myles and a team of horses with logs to throw into the cavity. Ensign Hide, who has just come back from the city, is digging with all his might, and Mr. Madden, of the Boarding House, is shovelling dirt into the hole. Brigadier Gaskin, who is on the farm, is handling a spade, but does not look much like being accustomed to that kind of thing.

It was 6 o'clock when I left the Farm. I came away more and more in love with the Salvation Army and Salvationists. I thought of the worldly way in which many people spend their holidays, and then questioned in my own heart, what is it that makes these people find enjoyment in hard labor? It is the love of God. It is the joy of His salvation. Instead of uselessly wasting the precious hours they get a change of employment, strengthen up their muscular system and come back to the grinding routine work refreshed in mind and body, with the satisfaction that the day spent out of the office was spent for the glory of God and in doing something for His Kingdom, even though it was digging trenches and putting in pipes on an Industrial Farm.—Occasional Visitor.

BRIGADIER GASKIN AT LIPPINCOTT.

The Women's Garrison Corps enjoyed the Sunday's warfare when Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin took the lead. In the first place, the day opened well with twenty-three at knee-drill. All gave their testimony. The morning meeting was, in the Brigadier's estimation, one of the very best holiness meetings he ever attended. The band was on hand all day, and was an appreciable assistance indeed. The three open-airs had a joint attendance of 95. In the afternoon Bro. Stewart, of Rapid City, gave us a right-from-the-shoulder talk. Every comrade seems to like Stewart. He is certainly a good Army trophy. Mrs. Gaskin sang several solos during the day. At night Cadet Yake farewelled for her first corps. In amazingly quick time the audience gave the Brigadier $5 to assist the Adjutant. It was a good meeting, and before we closed two had found the Saviour and we all rejoiced together. Lippincott's all right.

The Lieut.-Colonel Again Soloed,

and then launched upon his subject. Everyone enjoyed it and it proved to be a profitable lesson, for when the prayer meeting commenced and the invitation was given, an old man, a backslider for many years, returned to his Father's house. Soon after a young boy knelt beside the old man; there was such a vast difference in their ages, yet they both found the same loving Saviour. We wound up with three at the Cross.

At night was the crowning time. Throughout the entire meeting a melting influence was prevalent. The barracks was more than crowded. Many came and turned away finding it impossible to gain admittance. After soloing the Lieut.-Colonel began an earnest, red-hot appeal to the unsaved. As he poured forth his soul the deep waters of many a soul were stirred, and the burning words of truth penetrated the depths of numerous sin-benighted hearts. In the prayer meeting, conducted by the Colonel, a mighty battle was waged and ere the benediction had been pronounced SIX "brands" had been "plucked from the burning." What a time of rejoicing there was as one by one the sinners sought the Saviour! Some shouted, others laughed, some wept and others prayed, and when the sixth, a young man, was seen to rise from his feet and wend his way to the Mercy Seat, shout after shout filled the barracks until it ended in

A Monstrous Volley

and clapping of hands. He had once loved Christ and fought valiantly for Him, but had backslidden and for some time had become the subject of much prayer.

We had a Hallelujah Wind-up and all retired to our respective homes thanking God for the Lieut.-Colonel's visit to Barre which had been fraught with such wondrous blessings.

The Lieut.-Colonel's singing and concertina accompaniment were thoroughly appreciated and we can readily assure him upon his next visit to this city, a welcome far in excess of this first one.—Ida Hearnes, Lieut.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

AT

BARRE, Vt.

Warm Welcome—Big Crowds—The Territorial Secretary Wins with Songs and Music —Powerful Addresses—Souls Saved—Come Again!

For the last few weeks we have all been looking forward to the visit of one of our Territory's foremost leaders, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts. At last the day for his arrival came, as also did the Lieut.-Colonel.

The first attack upon the enemy's ranks was made in the open-air held in the park, where hundreds of people gathered around us.

Upon entering the barracks we found it crowded to the doors. It had been announced as the Lieut.-Colonel's welcome meeting, and indeed it was such in every sense of the word. Everyone was delighted to meet with the Colonel and all seemed to feel very much at home. The opening song, "No, we never, never, never will give in," went with a swing, which was followed by prayer. Ensign Ward then sang a welcome song, composed by herself (Send us a copy.—Ed.) especially for the Lieut.-Colonel's meeting. It went well. The Lieut.-Colonel then suitably replied, concluding his remarks by "one good turn deserves another." He also soloed:

"I cannot leave the dear old Flag."

It was taken hold of by the Barre comrades with a vim, for every heart beats with loyalty to the "dear old Flag."

A few red-hot testimonies followed and then the Colonel launched upon his subject and held the attention of the audience, as he recited incidents in his own experience both in the far East and North-West. In the prayer meeting which ensued none would yield, but conviction was prevalent and we were sanguine that before the campaign closed there would be a mighty break in Satan's ranks.

Sunday dawned bright and beautiful and a large number met at knee-drill, which was a blessed time to each one. We believe in the adage, "It is better to wear out shoes than sheets."

At 11 a.m. a splendid crowd again assembled to hear the Lieut.-Colonel, and what a glorious time it was to each waiting heart, a time of waiting upon and communing with God and when the revealed will of our Heavenly Father was obeyed. At the close of the meeting six precious comrades had proved it to be an important hour to them for, indeed, a transformation had taken place.

I meant to have said that in the company meeting which preceded the holiness meeting, the Lieut.-Colonel spake a few encouraging words to the Juniors. He was delighted with the prompt manner in which they responded to the questions asked and sees before the Barre corps great possibilities through the Juniors.

At 3 p.m. another attack was made against the powers of darkness. Returning to the barracks we found a beautiful crowd, notwithstanding the fine weather outside and the heat of the barracks.

Brigadier Mrs. Read

Conducts Bowmanville's Anniversary Services and Pleads the Cause of the Fallen.

(From the "Canadian Statesman.")

The 15th Anniversary gatherings of the advent of the Salvation Army to Bowmanville were held in the barracks Sunday and Monday. Brigadier Mrs. Read, Women's Social Secretary, conducted these services. Sunday afternoon Rev. J. H. Barnett introduced Mrs. Read, who gave an excellent address on "Humanity's Driftwood," giving also some interesting statistics of what the Army is doing. Sunday evening she gave an able discourse to young men. Monday evening Mrs. Read gave the anniversary address to a large audience. A number of other representatives also spoke briefly, including Mother Stanton, who was the first Army convert in Bowmanville, and is still a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. Mr. Thos. Hoar gave a cheering address on behalf of the recruits; Mr. J. K. Galbraith on behalf of the corps; Mrs. Barnett for the friends; Adjt. and Mrs. Mark Ayre for the officers. It is a long time since such large and enthusiastic crowds visited the barracks as attended these meetings, and we congratulate Ensign and Mrs. Jones on the success of their efforts.

TERRITORIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

will conduct special meetings at

St. John I., N. B., Thursday, May 11.

Carleton, Friday, May 12.

St. John II., Saturday, May 13.

St. John III., Sunday, May 14.

St. John I. (united), Monday, May 15.

Fairville, Tuesday, May 16.

Moncton, Wednesday, May 17th.

Springhill Mines, Thursday, May 18th.

New Glasgow, Friday, May 19th.

From Bowmanville Corps

To a Heavenly Mansion.

Another comrade has been called higher from the Bowmanville corps, in the person of Sister Mrs. McCullough. We had no idea that she would be taken away from us so suddenly, although she had often complained of not feeling well. A few weeks previous to her death our departed sister, feeling that she was not as good as she ought to be, volunteered out in a Sunday night's meeting and gave herself fully up to God afresh. She left the testimony behind that she was going to be with Jesus. After a short service at the house we proceeded with the remains to Oshawa, where our sister was better known than here. After a brief meeting at the barracks there we laid the body of our comrade in the Union Cemetery to await the resurrection.—J. Jones, Ensign.

A Muskoka Pioneer

And Fourteen-Year-Old Salvationist Promoted to Glory.

Father Brown, who at the time of his death was the oldest resident soldier of the Huntsville Corps, having 14 years of steady, faithful service to his credit, passed peacefully away to be with Jesus early in the morning of the 6th of April.

George Brown, or "Father" as he was called by the comrades, was one of the pioneers of Muskoka, and hewed out for himself on the banks of picturesque Fairy Lake the home from which he was conveyed to the last resting place of the body.

The funeral services were conducted by Capt. White, the comrades from Huntsville corps turning out in large numbers, despite the fact that the roads were almost impassable to teams, and the distance from the town was over four miles, and Muskoka roads at that.

We sang, "When the roll is called in Heaven," at the house, and then at the grave, "Shall we gather at the River?" and "The waters of Jordan may roll." Both services were impressive and God-glorifying, and many renewed pledges to "fight on," these two words being the last message from Father to the comrades, "fight on," and true to that sentiment the services on Sunday all day were soul-inspiring. One poor backslider found peace at night as the result.

Mrs. Beeley Crosses the River.

Since last report Sister Mrs. C. Beeley, mother of Sergt.-Major Mrs. Mozzette, has received a summons from the Master. She had been somewhat ill for a long time, but with sweet patience never murmured, knowing from whence the trial came. On Wednesday, 5th of April, she felt rather poorly and by Monday, 10th, she had "gone home." Wednesday afternoon the funeral took place. Many followed our sister to the grave. Mrs. Adjt. Gale read the service, in the absence of the Adjutant. Sunday night, Memorial Service.—M. E.H., R. C.

"I feel very deeply in my own soul what our responsibility will be before God in view of our dear General's life. I can't get away from it; and if other people are stupid enough to turn their eyes, or to treat it as though it were a mere nothing, we know better—we have seen what God has done by our dear General. God help us to feel our personal responsibility, and to rise up to-night, if we never did before, and to go out, in God Almighty's strength, east, west, north, and south, next door to where we live, to the uttermost ends of the earth, till all people shall know that God goes with us to bring them to Himself. God help us every one, for His name sake."

—Commissioner Railton.

Three Bands United.

LISGAR ST.—On Thursday night we had a Band Festival. Lippincott, Lisgar St., and Riverside bands united. Bandmaster Bigwood conducted the musical program. Brigadier Gaskin presided. The united bands played very creditably indeed, while the children's drills were enjoyed immensely, and the singing was tip-top. Adjt. Stanyon gave an address at the finish and we wound up at 10:30 with a social, which was enjoyed by all.

MONTREAL II.—Bless the Lord for victory. Sunday the Lord gave one brother the victory in the morning, and a sister in the afternoon. Adjt. Robert and Lieut. Frutiger with us at night. A later report says: Lieut. Tuck has been promoted and goes as Captain to Morrisburg. We pray that God will give her blessed times and that many souls may be saved.—W. G.

WINDSOR, N. S.—God is blessing the Army here. Last Sunday Ensign and Mrs. Pugh held farewell meetings. God came very near on Tuesday. One soul found pardon at the Cross. Thursday Capt. Green arrived and took charge. War Crys all sold out this week.—Treas. McPhee.

The Anniversary Special.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Our anniversary meetings were occasions for much profitable intercourse and rejoicing. In the Army's 13 years existence in Charlottetown hundreds have been converted, there are 80 enrolled soldiers, and the corps has given to the work many successful officers, who are fighting valiantly still. At the Saturday, Sunday and Monday meetings, Adjutant McGillivray, of Halifax I, had the helm, showing no abatement of his well-known vigor and resources, succeeding admirably in keeping everybody from going to sleep; and at the right time pounded in plenty of wholesome, rugged Gospel truth, exhorting believers and fearlessly warning sinners. The Adjutant has a good-sized place in our affections. God bless him. Throughout the series of meetings the band was in evidence and gave a good account of itself. The Monday night meeting concluded with the famous special bar-bell drills, compiled by Uncle Will, and the Juniors covered themselves with glory, going through the different drills faultlessly. —H.

LETHBRIDGE.—Our officers here are working daily for the salvation of souls. On Friday we had a "pound" social. This was a decided success, as our people here are never weary of well doing. God bless our officers and corps, and especially the sinners, for whom we are ever praying. Two brothers out for sanctification on Sunday.—Bert Reynolds, It. C.

ST. THOMAS.—Large crowd attended service Sunday evening. One soul came out and sought salvation. Glory to God! Many more under deep conviction. The devil got properly defeated on his own ground. Hallelujah! —A Follower.

SUDBURY.—Jubilee and cake social a success. Mr. W. A. Quibell, Police Magistrate, on the platform. Thursday night at Copper Cliff, a wanderer fell into the Fountain and 36 hours afterwards fell down a shaft in the mine and was carried home unconscious, in which state he has remained for 96 hours. We are hoping for his recovery.—Cand. R. N. Trickey.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We are still fighting, though we have not been heard of for some time. Our Siege target has been reached in most everything. Wednesday night three recruits were enrolled under the good old Flag. —G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

PARIS.—Since last report we have had some interesting times here. We have just had a Rhudoo meeting, led by Adjt. and Mrs. Coombs, of Brantford. This was very interesting. We had a good crowd. The Brantford band came nobly to the front and furnished the music. The lecture inside, given by Mrs. Coombs, on her two years' work in India, was the best we have heard for a long time. She held the people spell-bound, and many said they would give twenty-five cents to hear it again. We also welcomed one of our old soldier boys in the person of Adjt. Miller. We were indeed glad to see the Adjt. and Mrs. Miller, and to know they are still fighting beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue. Tuesday night we were favored with a visit from our worthy P. O., Major Southall. Also Adjt. Coombs and Capt. Slote. We had a lovely meeting inside. We enrolled three recruits. The talk by the Major was something not heard every day. We're sure to conquer.—Wm. McLaughlin, J. S. S.-M.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—Ensign and Mrs. Parsons, from Sydney, with us on Friday night. Pie social, and "Two hours at the Cross," at the close with three converts out for the blessing. War Crys selling out nicely.—Sergt.-Major.

SYDNEY, C. B.—Like the followers of Jesus, we had worked all day and caught nothing, but we felt like holding on to God in prayer. Our faith was rather strong in the Lord, and we kept on praying that God would move upon some poor heart in our night meeting. The comrades met for prayer before the meeting began. A goodly number were present and we started into business right away. When we got into the prayer meeting everyone was getting ready to go, and we thought we were defeated; but we noticed two sisters at the back of the building who seemed to be under conviction. We sang an invitation chorus and the two came forward. They were not there long before they could rise and sing, "I'm saved through the Blood of the Lamb." Hallelujah!—Watchman.

Can't Help Smiling.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Good week. Hallelujah! Two for salvation. Four for soldier grace. One for bonnet grace. One backslider home, and four got refitted. Total 12. That makes Jesus smile, and us, too.—One of the smilers.

BEAR RIVER.—God has been very near to our hearts this past week, and has blessed us much. Five precious souls have sought and found a pardoning God this week, for which we thank Him with all our hearts. Through Christ we mean to conquer. God bless our dear old War Cry and all the faithful ones. Amen!—Ned.

Not at all Crazy.

OMEMEE.—"Say, Cholly, what's up now? There's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, all from the one house, walking in the mud. They must be crazy." "Why, no; nothing of the kind. They're Army people. Don't you see Captain Culbert? They are going four miles out in the country to have a prayer meeting. They had an enrolment on Saturday night. Their numbers are increasing."—It. C.

PORT HOPE.—Praise Him for the "never-give-in" spirit. Sunday was a day of blessing to our souls. Christians were interested. Officers and soldiers delighted. Devil defeated. Glory to Jesus! At night two dear brothers came and gave themselves to Jesus.—Annie B. Brown, Cor.

Lost and Found.

MUSGRAVE TOWN.—Our officers set out early for a day's visiting to an outpost. They took the wrong way and went astray. It came on very blustery, so they went several miles right in the heart of the forest. After walking nearly all day they returned, and by losing their way the second time they came out all right. Like good Salvationists, they don't feel like giving in.—A. Reader, Sec.

JAMESTOWN.—Who said we were dead? Not yet, we are still fighting for Jesus. Since we reported last one precious soul knelt at the Mercy Seat. Ensign Perry with us for Lantern Service, "Given in charge," which was appreciated by all. "When the fight's hard we never give in."—Lieut. E. McConnell.

MINNEDOSA.—Arrival of Captain Herringshaw to take command. Saturday night one wanderer returned. We're believing for Minnedosa.—Fred W. Bland, Lieut.

Red-Hot Religion.

BONAVISTA.—God is with us in power. The past week has been one of blessing. Saints have been quickened and sinners convicted. On Sunday night we had the joy of seeing eight precious souls kneeling at the feet of Jesus, Who by His strong hand of power broke the chains of sin and set their souls at liberty. This makes a total of twenty-one since the Siege started. To God be all the glory!—F. Fudge, Cadet.

FARGO.—Glory to God! One soul saved. Ensign Perry's visit was a real blessing to all. God bless him.—M. H. S.

BISMARCK.—Just closed another week-end with one soul in the Fountain. Ensign Perry with us three days. Lantern Service Friday night, subject, "Given in charge," was very good. We are having some good meetings here. The devil is getting it hard at present.—Alex. Helmsworth, Reg. Cor.

GRAVENHURST.—On Wednesday night we had a musical blizzard. We had a good time. Adjt. Scarr, of Bracebridge, with us. Lieut. Bone farewelled to go on a short furlough to Barrie, while Cadet Parker, of North Bay, is assisting Capt. McCann. Good week-end. God came very near and blessed us and gave us one soul.—F. T., R. C.

COLLINGWOOD.—We are still plodding on and God is blessing us. Our Captain has been alone for the last few weeks, and the work has been hard on her, yet in the midst of it all God is giving us the victory.—Willie Clark, R. C.

White Heat.

ST. JOHN III.—We are fast building up the Lord's Kingdom. We are having wonderful meetings. Sinners are seeking God, and we expect to have every soul from this end of the city. Capt. McElhenny is forcing the fight. With Christ marching on before, victory is sure to be ours. We had for our week's work, by the power of God, 14 souls and 7 for sanctification. We are going to open up No. 5 barracks with some of No. 3 blood-and-fire soldiers, so you may look for wonderful victory by the hand of God.—Cor. Wm. Marshall.

OTTAWA.—Welcome and farewell meetings have been the chief events of the past week. On Sunday there was a dedication of Bro. and Sister Adams' baby, by Adjt. Goodwin. On Wednesday a grand welcome meeting to Adjt. Magee, who led a real lively meeting. We were all glad to see our comrade once again, also Lieut. Brooks received a welcome to Ottawa. She comes to assist Adjt. Goodwin, while Capt. Connors says good-bye and goes to Arnprior. We pray God may bless and help her in her new appointment. At holiness meeting Sunday two souls knelt at Jesus' feet.—Sergt. A. French.

VIRDEN.—Capt. McKay, the Scotch lassie from Moosomin, with us for Monday and Tuesday. Ice cream and cake Tuesday night. The people enjoyed the ice cream and wished for more. The meeting was a very profitable one, as well as interesting. Our hallelujah violinist, Bro. Hunt, drove in from his farm, a distance of 20 miles, and thanked God for the privilege of doing a bit of work for Jesus. Capt. Campbell has said good-bye and gone to Grafton, in the Sunny South. The Captain was with us three months and toiled faithfully, counting no sacrifice too much for Jesus.—Bob Askin, Lieut.

GODERICH.—Thursday evening Adjutant Hughes, our D. O., gave us a visit. He was a blessing to all. Come again, Adjutant.—J. R. Saurby, Treas.

RICHMOND ST.—What's the matter with No. 1? It's all right, and neither dead nor sleeping. We had good meetings all week. Two open-airs Saturday night and blessed meetings all day Sunday, finishing up at 11 o'clock with three souls in the Fountain.—Cadet Calvert.

Firecrackers!

SEAFORTH.—Is Seaforth corps dead? Oh, no! We are going at it in real Army style. Our soldiers are going in for more of the spirit and power of God. Good crowds attend our meetings, and the people are very interested in the Big Goes. Sunday-night Captain spoke on "The lights of the world." Some pretty illustrations were given by different lights, which were very impressive, especially the one showing the hasty, irritable Christian. It was by the explosion of a firecracker. Our D. O., Adjt. Hughes, was with us for a meeting. We all enjoyed his visit very much. More some other time.—R. T.

YORKVILLE.—On Sunday we had with us Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin. Mrs. Gaskin's singing was much appreciated by all, and the Brigadier's straight talk was just the thing. The night meeting was good, and some were deeply convicted. God bless our Provincial Officers.—Wm. Jones, Capt.

NEWMARKET.—Capt. and Mrs. Williams and Lieut. Titus farewelled last Sunday night. We have every reason to believe that the Captain and his companion will not soon be forgotten. Tuesday evening a farewell tea was provided by the soldiers and friends, in charge of Sergt.-Major Hunter. After tea a number of pithy farewell addresses were given, expressing regrets at their leaving, and wishing them God speed in their sphere of labor. Thursday quite a number of soldiers and friends met with them at the station and bade them good-bye, as they left on the mid-day train.—Aux.

FREDERICTON.—Since last report we have had grand meetings. The ones and twos are still coming to Christ for pardon. On Saturday night Ensign Andrews was with us with magic lantern. This was very interesting. Crowds are still good. Look out for next report—something good coming.—Cadet Smith.

A Tip-Top Week.

BARRE.—Fire a volley! Amen! Why, what's the matter with Zacchaeus? He must have come down out of the tree. Well, I guess, and ten poor sinners have been lifted up out of the pit of sin and had their feet established on the rock, and seven in the fountain for a clean heart. Praise God! We haven't got through yet. God is with us. We have been having a little Pentecost.—Zacchaeus.

TRINITY, Nfld.—It is some time since you heard from this part of the battlefield, but I can assure you we are still alive and having good times. Souls are getting saved and people getting interested. Twelve souls for the Siege, and still they come. Look out for greater things in the near future. —G. Janes.

GREAT FALLS.—We are praising God for a steady advance. Our soldiers are getting nearer God and souls are coming to the cross. Three converts have recently taken their stand under the Army Flag. They give a clear testimony in barracks and street to the saving and keeping power of our Lord Jesus. Our motto is, "Keep believing."—M. Fentle, Sergt.-Major.

ST. CATHARINES.—This week has been a wonderful one. Tuesday night every soldier turned out. Roll call a time of blessing. We said good-bye to Ensign and Mrs. Fox. Thursday night Adjt. Wiseman, the G. B. M. man was with us, and gave a nice little talk on Zacchaeus. Saturday night welcomed Captain and Mrs. Williams and Lieut. Titus. Soldiers gave them a good welcome.—Pub. Sergt.-Major.

MISSOULA.—Last Sunday Captain Bailed enrolled five Blood-washed warriors under the old Army Flag. Will have another enrolment soon. Last Thursday night we had the joy of seeing one more soul crying to God for mercy. Hallelujah! Soldiers all on fire for God.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Three Ministerial Friends.

PEMBROKE.—We are still praising God for victory at Pembroke. Everybody delighted with Easter War Cry. Over 300 sold in a short time. Eighteen sold in three houses. Lots of people took a War Cry that had never taken one before, and thought it well worth five cents. We have had with us Rev. Dr. Bain, Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. Edwards, Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Atkins, Baptist. Power of God felt at each meeting and splendid crowds in attendance. Ensign and Mrs. Walker are doing their best to help pull down the devil's strongholds. —B., for Ensign and Mrs. Walker.

NEW WHATCOM.—Who says the Army is going down? It don't seem so. On Saturday four took their stand to become soldiers beneath the Yellow, Red and Blue. Afterwards we had an ice cream social to cool off. On Sunday night Capt. Sheard farewelled after six months' stay in our midst.—Lieut. Jones, for Capt. Sheard.

REGINA.—Sunday was a real day of victory, when five souls sought pardon. The soldiers were jubilant, and some of them almost danced. Farewell is the order of the day and ere this is in print our worthy J. S. S.-M., Bro. Gamble, will have farewelled for the Field. Regina comrades will miss him, as he has always been a faithful soldiers and one that could be relied upon. I am sorry to have to say farewell, too, just having been here a month. Regina people are lovely when you get acquainted with them. God has blessed our efforts together and souls have been won for God. Just a word about the jail meetings. Several of the men have professed to get saved and testify to the same in the meetings there every other Sunday. A good case of conversion in the jail on Easter Monday. Praise God! And thus the war goes on in Regina.—Pansy.

UXBRIDGE.—Praise God! Five souls since last report. All taking their stand. Siege target smashed. J. S. Annual a grand success. To God be all the glory.—M. L., R. C.

Bermuda Breezes.

How they Spent Easter.

Good Friday, Adjt. Matthews, D.O., officers and soldiers of the District met at Hamilton for a united demonstration. Afternoon rousing march and open-air. 7:30 p.m. hall packed. Meeting boiling over with enthusiasm. Bro. Florrie (Bluejacket) sang a wonderful solo, composed out of forty songs. An enrolment of seven comrades took place, and promotion of Sergt. Fred Bell (champion War Cry seller) to Pub. Sergt.-Major, Color-Sergt. Groner to J. S. Sergt.-Major, and Bro. Outerbridge to Color-Sergt.

After the different officers spoke, Capt. Welch read and urged the crowd to seek God.

Easter Sunday, 7 a.m. found us praising God for the gift of heaven.

Lieut. Martin at Hamilton for week-end. Six souls. Your humble servant at Somerset, with one Senior and two Juniors in the Fountain. Capt. Brehaut, St. Georges, and Capt. Fleming, Southampton, report good crowds.

Easter Monday, everybody's faith running high for a good day at St. Georges. Lovely weather. Soldiers in from all parts of the Island. Afternoon grand march and open-air, headed by Hamilton band, stirring the town from one end to the other. Night's meeting crowded to excess. The people gave a good amount towards buying a new drum for the corps.

The following Friday Hamilton corps paid a visit to Somerset.

Capt. Welch and Lieut. Martin have got well hold of this corps.

Naval and Military League to the front during Easter Campaign, shouting, singing, praying. We have closed one of the best Easters that have been known in the Land of the Lilies.—W. J. C. Howe, Dis. War Cor.

Notes from Newcastle.

O. O. Graham is Pleased to Report Advances.

The War Cry has had few reports from this section of the Eastern Province lately, but duty will not let this pass any longer, so I must submit a few notes.

Last week I attended the farewell meetings of Capt. and Mrs. Knight, at CHATHAM. It was the best for liberty and spirit I have ever conducted there. The soldiers all expressed their regret at the officers' departure, and spoke of blessings received through them. Their orders came rather unexpectedly, but the five months spent there have brought forth good victories, both in Junior and Senior work. Souls have been saved and some ex-soldiers of a few years' standing have returned to the fold. Everybody is prepared to welcome Ensign and Mrs. Wright.

At CAMPBELLTON Capt. and Mrs. Thompson are doing their best to uplift the Kingdom of God. They are having special success amongst the Juniors. Both officers and Sergt.-Major feel the burden of the children's souls, and with more earnest co-operation of soldiers in Senior work more rapid strides will be made in the near future.

At the centre, NEWCASTLE, we have cleared off $70 debt, for which we thank God. We have also seen a few souls come to Jesus, who have proved their sincerity by taking their stand out and out for God. We are looking for others to come. Captain Anderson has been very ill and is now resting. Lieut. Winchester bravely assists your humble servant.

M. G.

Financial Secretary's Sittings

By MAJOR COLLIER.

The W. O. P. leads the way in box money for quarter ending March 31st, as far as the boxes are concerned, with $149.93; the Pacific comes next with $121.51; followed by the C. O. P. with $112.91 (in addition to this Adjt. Wiseman secured $48.19 in the large boxes which really brings the C. O. P. total up to $161.10).

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The Eastern Province was without a T. F. S. for two weeks, and as a result the figures do not show up so good; they are $96.53 this quarter. Ensign Andrews is in for beating all previous records and has some great schemes on foot for bringing this about. The E. O. P. and N. W. Provinces also have been for some time without a T. F. S. and are lower than usual. They did $87.43 and $82.21 respectively.

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We have not space to mention every corps in the Territory and can only refer to those who have done over $5. Toronto leads the way with $27.94 for small, and $48.19 in the large boxes; Lewiston, Idaho, takes second place with $22.63, and Charlottetown, P.E.I., follows closely with $20. Well done, ye braves. Who will lead next time?

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Charlottetown leads in the Eastern Province with $20, as just mentioned; this is beautiful, and the Local Agents deserve great credit for their work. The St. John R. H. District comes next with $10.04, while St. Stephen, with $6, takes third place, and thus shuts out many larger places; Moncton and Chatham, with two agents each, did $5.73 and $5.25 respectively.

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Montreal city boasts of seven agents and, of course, leads the way in the E. O. P. with $14.40. Barre, Vt., comes next with six agents and $9.85, while Ottawa takes third place with four agents and $9.64. St. Albans comes very close to Ottawa with only two agents, but a total of $6.24. Who will lead next quarter? I fancy Quebec will make it hot for somebody.

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Toronto carries the banner for the C. O. P. with $27.94 (and $48.19 in large boxes). The Queen City is followed closely by Hamilton with $21.73 in the small boxes; the large ones have only just been put out, therefore no returns will be had until next quarter. Orillia comes next in the Province, with $8.20. Bradsville has no corps and one agent, while Barrie has a corps and three agents, yet both have reached the same amount, $5.40. Now for a race! True, it is three to one, but the one might win the day.

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The W. O. P. has ten places that have done $5 and over. Mother Broadwell, of Kingsville, is the champion of the Province; she raised $15.19. London, with six agents, and Brantford with four, are about tied, doing $9.35 and $9.69 respectively. Now London, you should really lead the way in the Province. Get in your proper place next quarter, won't you? Seaforth does $7.68; Goderich $7, and Windsor $6.29. Is this the proper position for Windsor? Ridgetown, Guelph, Ingersoll, and Galt have done $5.50, $5.33, $5.25, and $5 respectively. Watch these places next quarter.

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Lewiston leads the way in the Pacific Province with $22.63; Helena takes second place with $17.65, and Nanaimo 3rd with $11.85. Victoria follows with $9.65, but this is scarcely the place for that city. What do you say to heading the list next time? Nelson did $7.65, Vancouver $6.30, New Westminster $5.93, and New Whatcom just gets in with $5.06. Look out for some alterations in the standing of some of these places next quarter.

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We cannot do justice to the N. W. P., as that Province had no T. F. S. for the greater part of the quarter, and only incomplete figures have reached the Financial Office. So far as we have information Moose Jaw leads with $16.10; Lethbridge comes next with $13.75, and Midway, an outpost, gets there with just $5. This Province will appear without question as it should at the end of this quarter. Watch it and its T. F. S.

Yarmouth District Farewell Notes.

After nine months' fight Mrs. Miller and myself have received orders to farewell and go on a much-needed furlough.

Most every corps in the District is on the up line to victory. CLARK'S HARBOR has had a pull with bad weather and no officers for some weeks but Capt. Clark and Lieut. Selig are pulling things in shape. They enrolled one recruit at Siege enrolment.

FREEPORT was a long time without officers, but Capt. Trafton and sister are now in charge and making things hum.

DIGBY is holding its own, and Sergt.-Major Bowles (Chief of Police) and comrades are praying and fighting hard for victory.

BEAR RIVER is having one of the greatest revivals it has ever had in the history of the Army in that town. 78 souls in three weeks. Some months ago it was hard to muster enough for a march, now they march out 30 and 40 strong. For years they had no knee-drills, but now they have an attendance of 25 and 30. Last Sunday they had 41 at the Siege enrolment; 18 recruits were enrolled. The J. S. work is moving on nicely. Five companies have been started during the Siege, with an average attendance of 40. Capt. Hudson and Lieut. Muttart have a good hold on the place and are in for greater victories.

YARMOUTH is the place to which we shall always look back with pleasure. Quite a number were saved during the Siege, and 12 recruits were enrolled. The comrades gave us a great surprise farewell tea and $100 for travelling expenses, etc., while resting. The Local Officers and soldiers are A 1. God bless them! The following is Joy's farewell recitation:

The time has come, dear friends,
When I must say farewell;
I'm really very sorry
For you all have used me well.
I thank you for it all,
And bid you now Adieu;
I hope I shall return some day
And be Captain over you.

G. Miller, D. O.

A CHALLENGE!

Capt. Welch, of Dovercourt, wishes to announce that he will challenge the comrades of Lippincott corps, Toronto, in open-air attendances, although he has not half as many soldiers. What says Lippincott?

Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

The Secular Press.

During the last few months the secular Press has given considerable space to articles about the Army, descriptive of its origin, progress and present standing, especially in the section of territory represented by the respective papers. The Winnipeg Morning Telegram led off with a well-illustrated lengthy article in its issue of December 10th, 1898. A few weeks ago the London News followed suit with an excellent write-up in its pages, also profusely illustrated; and now the St. Catharines Journal has done likewise. We heartily appreciate these recognitions of our contemporaries.

Where are the Story Tellers?

We are running short of real, good, sparkling, truthful stories for the War Cry. Now is your time, all ye who have talents in that line. Sit down and write—not as somebody else writes—but as you would tell it to a friend who drops in to see you. Don't procrastinate!

Pentecostal Messenger.

This is the title of a quarterly booklet (10 cts.) issued by the Revivalist Office, Cincinnati, O. The first number of the current volume just to hand. It contains brief sketches of the lives and conversions and accounts of the literary activities of a number of prominent authors of aggressive evangelical literature. The contents are refreshing and inspiring and the Messenger deserves a wide circulation.

The General's Litho.

The special issue of the London War Cry in celebration of the General's 70th birthday had as a supplement an excellent litho of the General.

The Pacific Province.

We have an excellent selection of photos now ready for the special write-up of the Pacific Province, which (D.V.) will appear in the War Cry dated May 20th.

Soup Kitchen at Harbor Grace.

Ensign Boggs reports that the sealers were more than pleased to know that the Army had opened a soup kitchen there for their benefit. 270 gallons of soup were sold last week. This will give you a faint idea how the people appreciate our efforts to help them there. The soup kitchen has proved a great blessing to Harbor Grace and the surrounding district.—Ocean Wave.

The Only Thing.

The Trade Secretary wishes to remind all officers who have not yet made their returns for the pamphlet "The Only Thing" that such officers are requested to forward their payments without delay to their Provincial Officer. Prompt attention to this will oblige.

Another Special War Cry.

Seeing that the Easter War Cry went with such exceptional success—having had a larger circulation than any previous issue—it might probably be advisable to have a special 5-cent Cry dated July 3rd, in celebration of two events—1st July, Dominion Day of the Canadians, and 4th July, Independence Day of the American readers of our War Cry. This has not yet been decided finally, however. What do YOU say?

Commissioner Nicol's Conundrum.

By-the-by, do you go in for conundrums in Canada? If so, here's one: "How is the Field Commissioner like a discoverer?" I put the conundrum to a member of the Editorial Department who has an inordinate appetite for puzzling and perplexing questions, and he replied, "Because she loves New-found-land more than ———"

The Only Thing.

"The Only Thing" is one of the best little booklets that have been issued from the press for many a long day, and it is calculated to deepen the spiritual life and quicken into activity many people who are as yet slow in their work for God; besides this, it will cheer and bless and brighten the devoted toilers for God and souls who have consecrated all their energies to God, and in addition will act as a mirror to many who are as yet burdened down with doubts, and who have not yet laid aside the weights and the sins which do so easily beset. —Brigadier Gaskin.

Peterboro's Pedigree.

By A. L. P.

THERE may be prettier towns than Peterboro, though anyone who has climbed the heights beyond its busier streets, or cast half an eye at its broad highways with their trim boulevards, surprised now and then by the gurgling murmurs of the Otonabee River which winds its way in and out among them, could never consider the place as uncomely.

There may be cities more important as centres of commercial and business industry, though one who has stood amongst the hurrying throng of agricultural people gathered from far and near on market days, or penetrated the interesting precincts of its extensive mills and electrical and mechanical works will incline to the view that Peterboro has all trade activity necessary for its own prosperity and to make it, as it is, the most notable business centre for many miles around.

Adjt. Aikenhead, Peterboro.

But looking at Peterboro from the standpoint of a Salvationist, and gauging the warmth of its sympathy and the width of its religious vision by the attitude which it has long maintained towards the Blood-and-Fire Flag, I have no hesitation in saying that it would be hard to find its equal.

Step inside the barracks when there is a special meeting on and see the substantial phalanx of tried friends which supports the uniformed soldiery. Ask into the details of some big financial effort, such as Self-Denial or Harvest Festival, and hear how the Peterboro purse-strings, which never hang loosely, are untied. Above all, make one of the throng at the open-air stand and look at the crowd of men on the sidewalk who are an inspiration to any giver of a testimony in the ring, and look upon the sudden change of the renowned "Cabbage Mike" and his collecting cap as quite an institution.

You cannot take in these situations without becoming impressed with the fact of which they speak, viz., that Peterboro believes in the Salvation Army.

I do not imply that there has been no opposition. Our unconventional methods and uncompromising principles excited here, as elsewhere, some initial prejudice; but the corps has out-lived such. The first bills put out in 1885 announced that the Army was going to hold meetings in the town "until Gabriel blew his trumpet;" there has been no withdrawing from the daring assertion, and Peterboro believes in something that sticks. Dissentient voices are now few and far between. I have it on good authority that more than a dozen years ago some slanderous misrepresentations of our work appeared in a local paper, but I have never read the same and the newspaper is now extinct. I have seen it recorded that there was a time even not so far back when arrests were made for marching, but the sentences were never executed, the Army has marched on uninterruptedly up till the present, and the arresters are either now no more, or else they have lost their hitherto hostile aspect in the character of friends.

Of course it is not the splendid show which the Army has made as a corps which has in itself won the confidence of the citizens, but rather what it has actually accomplished in and for Peterboro which has compelled respect. The number of drunkards and other notorious sinners who have been reached and permanently rescued has afforded a substantial evidence of the value of the Army's influence in benefitting the moral tone of the city. Foremost among the ranks of saved drunkards is Mark Spencely, better known as "Cabbage Mike." The wild escapades of his sinful life and other

Captain Franch, Peterboro, Ont.

eccentricities of his steady salvation march of 13 years deserve a sketch all to themselves, which they shall have in a future issue. Mark has held several offices in the corps, his present being that of Color-Sergeant.

Treasurer Butcher, Secretary Bacon, Sergt.-Major Comstock, are office-bearers of whom any corps might be proud. They are capable, conscientious men. The Secretary and his wife are the corps' oldest soldiers. Their four daughters are all soldiers. The Convert Sergt.-Major was among the first converts of the Army in Peterboro.

One of the distinctive features of the Peterboro Corps is the presence of the united families who are represented in their completeness as active soldiers. To hear a man declare as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," is good, and when he adds "in the Salvation Army," it is still better.

Mark Spencely, alias "Cabbage Mike," Peterboro

The Greens are such a family—possessed from oldest to youngest with exceptional musical abilities, they have consecrated their talents, without exception, to the service of the war. The eldest son, Mendel, is now bandmaster of the brass band which has made Peterboro famous by its skilled execution. His appearance as an Army instrumentalist dates back to the age of nine years, and he first took his place as bandmaster when only sixteen. The wife of the genial J. S. Sergt.-Major Braund is also a representative of the Green family, and a player with her husband in the Peterboro brass band.

We are compelled to dismiss the children's work with a word, but it must be a word of emphatic praise, for the Junior Corps is a credit to all who have anything to do with it.

Another Salvation Army family from whose home life a bright and blessed influence pervades the corps is the Smith household. Nine years ago Nellie, the eldest girl, a determined young lassie in her teens, got converted in the Army and donned the uniform. At that time neither of her parents nor sisters were saved. Her father, who was strongly against his daughter's action, gave us the following account of how his consent was gained:

"Her mother was against it, and so was I, but the child was set on it. She'd have nought but the Army. I told her I wouldn't let her go. Then the wife came out of the room where Nellie had shut herself in and said as how the girl was crying. I never could bear to see one of them crying, and I said, 'I suppose she'll have to have her way.' Then the next one, Hannah, went to the penitent form, and I had to let her go to keep Nellie company, and when Maggie, our third girl, wanted to go too, what could I do but give consent, for she was that lonely without the other two? Yes, I was the last of the family to get saved. Though I had been to the penitent form years before, and from that day to this kept from the drink, I didn't find a thorough salvation until some time afterwards. The wife and children even down to the little lass, Lizzie, had all gone on ahead of me. It takes a sinner to watch a saint, and I tell you I watched them pretty closely those years. Thank God they stood the test well and I may say that it was owing to their example that I am saved and a doorkeeper in the house of God and the Salvation Army."

Nellie and Maggie are both handswomen, Hannah is a J. S. Sergeant, Lizzie an enrolled Junior, while the mother has held several important local positions.

Peterboro is a front-rank corps. We base its right to this title on the following grounds:

It is an open-air corps. It has been said that a crowd always attracts a crowd, and the splendid throng of bystanders who surround the open-air meetings may be due to the good proportion of soldiers who appear on the march. The procession led by "Cabbage Mike" and the Flag, and with the noted corps band at the head of it, is an imposing sight.

Second, it is a knee-drill corps—when there are specials and when there are not, when the day dawn is deliciously mild and bright, or when, as at our visit, the snow lies quite deep upon the ground, you may be sure of an attendance in some degree worthy of the corps' numbers. Peterboro people love knee-drill—you only have to hear them praying at 7 a.m. on a Sunday morning to tell that; and there are some who for six, seven, and even eight years have scarcely missed one.

Treasurer Mark Butcher and Wife, Peterboro.

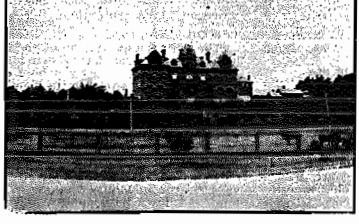
Third, it has kept the confidence of the public. The favor which the good work in progress found fourteen years in the eyes of the people has not been lost. The friend, Aid. Sawyer by name, who collected the money for the first drum is as friendly a friend as ever—indeed he has found the blessing of full salvation under the Flag whose interests he has championed so long. And he is one of many who have steadily manifested their interest and sympathy from the corps' early days up to the present.

With these qualifications and opportunities we predict for Peterboro corps the next fourteen years to be even fuller of exploit and conquest than the last have been.

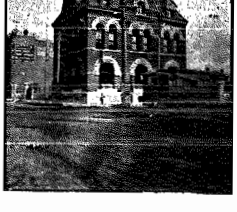
The present officers, Adjt. Aikenhead and Capt. French, are well loved by the people and making their mark for God, the Flag and souls.

The Success of Failure.

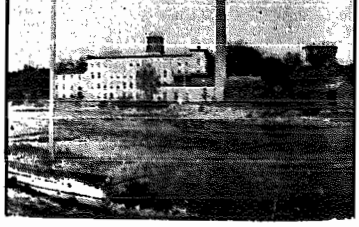
Every failure may be a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm of truth.—Whewell.



Nicholls Hospital, Peterboro.



Custom House, Peterboro.



Auburn Woollen Mills, Peterboro.

Object Lessons.

The Delusion of the Unmarked Path—Passing Opportunities—Watch and Act.

By J. M.

While I was stationed at a certain corps on the West Coast, I remember how I left the quarters one day to visit a soldier who lived a mile or so distant. On this particular occasion one or two little things happened which made an impression on my mind that haven't yet worn away. If there is

Father and Mother Smith, Peterboro.

anything I love it is to be travelling alone, as a sense of God's nearness in a special way seems to creep over me and many a time I have crept under some bush, or else stood on the road and prayed till tears have streamed down my face. Well, on this particular day I happened to be alone. The way for me to go wasn't marked by a road, but rather one was left to their own discretion as to whether a straight course or a crooked one should be preferred.

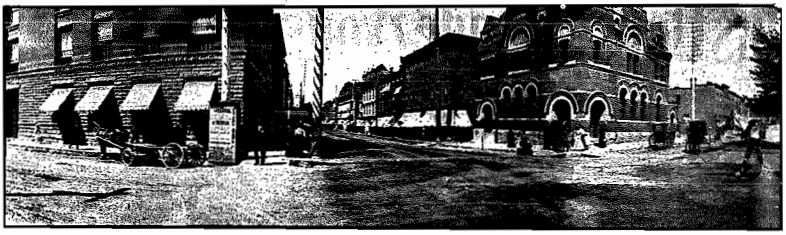
On this particular time to deviate from a straight line was that which my feet chose, so that I left the lowland of the valley and kept more to the left, to the higher ground. Just

Sergt.-Major Comstock; Mrs. Comstock, League of Mercy S.-M.; and Georgie Comstock, a Junior of Peterboro Corps.

when I had got about half way to the house I was to visit I began a gradual descent. That was unnoticed by me, my mind being occupied with something else. Suddenly I began to sink and to get wet, so much so that I think I got a trifle scared, and turned in a hurry to retravel the ground I had just gone over. At the same instant that I started to go back a voice whispered to me, "This is not like life. After we travel life's road we can't walk back over it any more."

The soakings of the hill had gathered at the foot of the descent, making my path until then rather dry, yet lying in wait with something to startle me.

And so it is at the end of life's road to the man who walks it carelessly. He will find that, although he may not have been such a great sinner as people made him out to be, and life wasn't at all as bitter as S. A. officers



View of One of the Main Streets of Peterboro from the Post Office.

and others declared it to be, that yet he was deluded, as Satan only cleaned the road of some of its bitterness in order to make it appear less dangerous, meanwhile not robbing the future of its sure reward, which is

Overwhelming Destruction.

How often is the answer made to us by people who are lulled into a state of inconsiderateness, "Oh, it is not so bad as you folks say it is, nor do I think there is as much danger"? Hell damns by means of momentary pleasures and momentary delusions.

The Smith Sisters, Paterboro.

My course being continued to the aforementioned house, I kept a better watch over my path, and at last came to the stream which flows from a pond to the salt water. This stream at times runs with a great force, on account of it being connected with the ocean, as a high tide in the ocean makes the stream high, causing it to run with velocity as the tide lowers. It happened that one of the outgoing tides was running when I came to it, and therefore was too wide to be jumped over. What to do I didn't know. At last a happy thought seized me. I went to where the stream was wider and had less power, and tried to get off some cakes of ice large enough to float on. After some time I at last managed to get a large one, it being twisted with the tide, now almost sticking against some bank, now having to be shoved till it gets to the narrower part of the stream, where the tide is strong. Just as it gets to the best place I, having followed it along the short, jump, my feet touch for a second, as it is whirling along under me, and I am landed safe on the other side, with my stepping-stone shot past to drift out to sea.

The Sinner's Chances.

Crossing this stream puts me in mind of the sinner, his chances, and Father Time, as he throws them out to him.

We begin life as children, toddling along by the bank of the stream, where the water is shallow and the tide is slack, on account of the space over which it spreads, and life doesn't seem to be a burden, for we are gently borne along, seeing the opportunities as they are launched forth, opportunities the grasping of which at the right time and the dealing faithfully with would mean everlasting success. It is said that—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men.
Which, taken at the flood, leads on
to fortune."

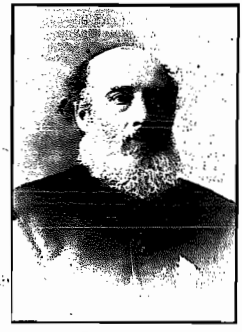
If this is true in temporal affairs, it is more seriously so in spiritual, on account of the great things involved. But instead of taking advantage of them we walk on, watching them in their course, till at last they get to where the channel narrows and we have to move at a more brisk rate to keep pace with them. At last they come to the rapids, where they are shot past forever, leaving us on the bank of the stream, losers of that which God intended should be stepping stones to the great beyond.

Now, I do not mean to say that opportunities linger for us, but yet I say

They Ripen for Us

and it is at this point, not when they are making, that God expects us to lay hold and use to His advantage and glory. Coming to the narrow part of the stream where our opportunities are ripe, and where they must instantly be taken hold of and used, or be irrecoverably gone, we stand and think, and instead of using our opportunities, we oftentimes think it is time enough yet.

Supposing that I had sat down and watched the cakes of ice go by until my body had become weak through hunger and then I had tried to cross, I am afraid I would have ended in failure on account of such a sudden spring being needed to make the attempt successful. And so people look at their opportunities as they go by, they meanwhile getting older and more feeble, till at last their allotted time has run by and their golden chances have shot past. They are laid hold of by sickness that is unto death, and they seem to hear the command that is given to the rider of the pale horse as he is told to thrust in his sickle and reap. A feeling born of the horror of



Brother Green, Sr., Peterboro.

going to hell takes hold of them and they try to take advantage of the dying hour, but the mind fails to rally itself sufficiently to enable them to get a hold on God, which hold must be acquired by us through repentance and faith. So poor,

Deluded Souls are Robbed

through life, finding themselves losers in the hour of death, whereas death should be but the stepping-stone to the heaven beyond.

Sinner, for the sake of your precious soul, don't let your chances go by till your manhood and womanhood is wasted and your strength is all gone, but start for heaven now.

J. S. S.-M. Braund and the Green Family, Peterboro.

Who are the Lost?

I reply, not in a religious, but in a social sense, the lost are those who have gone under, who have lost their foothold in society, those to whom the prayer to our Heavenly Father, "Give us day by day our daily bread," is either unfulfilled, or only fulfilled by the devil's agency; by the earnings of vice, the proceeds of crime, or the contribution enforced by the thread of the law.—General Booth.

Hustlers' Rendezvous,

OR,

"The Resort of the Faithful."

The Bulletin Board shows the Result of the Race to be:—

1st—Arab, West Ontario Province.
2nd—Mag, East Ontario Province.
3rd—Nigger, Cent. Ont. Province.
Four other steeds also ran.

By way of a change, I should like this week to say a few words about the splendid work accomplished week by week by the faithful comrades of the War Cry League. If I had room I should be delighted to make special mention of all my dear hustlers, whose names are as familiar now to me as my own, though I wouldn't know most of them if I met them. But to specialize each familiar name would be but to have nine-tenths of the Honor Roll names in twice this week, and that would hardly do.

* * * *

I am quite aware that those who sell most get, as a rule, the best thanks, but I am also acquainted with the fact that those who sell perhaps 20 or 25 each week have frequently the harder task. The weary walk, the occasional rebuff, the aching limbs and sometimes the keenly-felt cross in leaving the home when one's presence is almost indispensable, are all known to God, and He never makes an error in calculating the amount of reward in recognition of such self-denial.

* * * *

And I must not forget to add that, IN SOME PLACES, the officers and comrades of the corps are not slow in giving credit to the devoted Boomers. Do they at YOUR corps?

* * * *

The Editor is getting the coming Hustlers' War Cry licked into shape. The Editorial Artist can be seen poring over a yard-long sketch of an international character; I have a whole pigeon hole full of photos and Boomers' experiences, (by the way, why haven't I had yours before this?) and so on, and so on.

* * * *

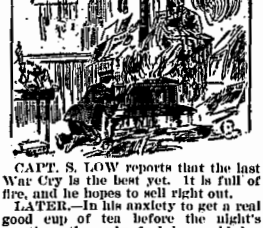
We, that is the typesetter and I, have been having lots of fun over the way some of the boomers' names come in. I know a case in which one can, without fail, expect a new rendering nearly every week. What am I to do? If one of my boomers finds his or her name repeatedly spelt wrong, drop me a post card and I'll then be in a position to improve.

* * * *

An error. I must apologize for saying that Captain Hellman's War Cry hunting grounds are in London, instead of Brantford. I won't do it again, Captain.

* * * *

Will Ensign Hayes please apologize to me? She will understand what I mean. The mistake is not mine at all; I have merely entered Lieut. Anderson's sales according to the list I had sent me from Winnipeg.



CAPT. S. LOW reports that the last War Cry is the best yet. It is full of fire, and he hopes to sell right out.

LATER.—In his anxiety to get a real good cup of tea before the night's meeting, the only fuel he could lay his hands on was the War Cry. He didn't tell the Brigadier that he had burnt about a dozen, but to keep his conscience clear he paid for them out of his own salary. "One half the world doesn't know," etc., etc.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

100 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	270
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
MRS. ADJT. HUGHES, Stratford	131
LIEUT. CARR, Windsor	115
ENSIGN OTTAWAY, Guelph	103
S.-M. HOWLETT, Petrolia	100
Sergt.-Major McDougall, Goderich	97
Capt. Clark, London	95
Lieut. Pickle, St. Thomas	90
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	90
Ensign Scott, Galt	75
Lieut. Horwood, Petrolia	75
Lieut. Sitzer, Dresden	70
Capt. Hoddinott, Strathroy	66
Sergt. D. Bond, Wingham	65
Lieut. Fyfe, Clinton	65
Capt. Coe, Guelph	61
Lieut. Rugler, Wyoming	60
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	60
Capt. Henter, Clinton	60
Capt. Slote, Hespeler	60
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Rock, Chatham	60
Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham	58
Sergt. G. Crafts, Chatham	58
Sister Butts, London	57
Sister Schmidt, Paris	55
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	54
Capt. Rees, Norwich	52
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	50
Lieut. Smith, Galt	45
Sergt. M. Dearling, Hespeler	45
Sister F. McCubbin, Leamington	45
Lieut. Stickells, Forest	42
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	42
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	41
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	40
Lieut. Copeman, Senforth	40
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	40
Capt. Bonny, Bothwell	40
Lieut. Winter, Bothwell	40
Capt. Liston, Watford	38
Sister McQuinn, St. Thomas	35
Adjt. McAmmond, London	35
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	35
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston	35
Sister D. Liebrook, Leamington	35
Sergt. Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	35
Pub. Sergt.-Major Noe, Ingersoll	34
Cand. Carley, Ridgetown	32
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, London	32
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	31
Adjt. Coombs, Brantford	30
Sergt. F. Palmer, London	30
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	30
Sister McQuinn, Blenheim	30
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	30
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	30
Lieut. Mumford, Listowell	30
Capt. Mathers, Listowell	30
Ensign McHarg, Windsor	30
Lieut. Baird, Thedford	30
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	29
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll	29
Lieut. Burton, Sarnia	28
Sister Thompson, Sarnia	28
Sec. May, Drayton	26
Sergt. Mrs. Brondwell, Kingsville	25
Capt. Haley, Bayfield	25
Mrs. Cutting, Essex	25
Bro. Curry, Petrolia	25
Sergt. Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph	25
Capt. Hancock, Goderich	24
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	23
Capt. Coy, Paris	23
Capt. McCutcheon, Ridgetown	23
Sister Smith, Strathroy	22
Sister Melton, Strathroy	22
Corps Cadet Jacklin, London	21
Lieut. Burrows, Wallaceburg	20
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston	20
Sergt. McIlroy, St. Thomas	20
Sister Clark, St. Thomas	20
Sister Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Sister White, Walkerton	20
Sister Quick, Strathroy	20
Sister Lott, Brussels	20
Gertie Cheesemun, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London	20
Lieut. Crawford, Bayfield	20
Sister Ryckman, Norwich	20
Capt. Dowell, Essex	20
Sister McCaffey, Essex	20
Lieut. Jordinson, Essex	20
Sergt.-Major Rose, Hespeler	20
Sergt. Armstrong, Seaforth	20
Lieut. Hodgson, Goderich	20
Sergt. F. Erb, Berlin	20
Lieut. Thompson, Leamington	20
Sister Brown, Seaforth	20
Sister Crawford, Paris	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa	200
SERGT. SYMONS, Kingston	113
SISTER MRS. BARBER, Burlington	110
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans	105
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans	105
SERGT.-MAJOR PERKINS, Barre	102
SERGT. DUDLEY, Ottawa	100
SISTER J. BLOSS, Pembroke	100
Capt. LaLonde, Sherbrooke	93
Capt. Banks, Quebec	93
Lieut. Allmark, Brockville	90
Capt. French, Peterboro	90
Adjt. Goodwin, Ottawa	89
Capt. McNaney, St. Johnsburg	89
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	84
Lieut. Ludlow, Pearceton	82
Lieut. Young, St. Johnsburg	78
Capt. Norman, Napanee	78
Lieut. Norman, Picton	78
Ensign Slaiger, Belleville	75
Sister Carter, Trenton	75
Bro. Mann, Barre	75
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I	73
Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall	70
Lieut. Wood, Napanee	67
Capt. Wilson, Newport	62
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	60
Frank Coggans, Kingston	60
Capt. Bearchell, Deseronto	59
Lieut. Williams, Kemptville	55
Capt. Crego, Gananoque	55
Lieut. Hunter, Gananoque	55
Ensign Sims, Picton	54
Capt. Reid, Morrisburg	53
Lieut. Butcher, Cornwall	50
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal II	50
Lieut. Brookets, Arnprior	50
Sergt.-Major Comba, Arnprior	50
Capt. Brown, Perth	50
Lieut. Liddell, Perth	50
Capt. Vance, Belleville	50
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott	50
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	50
Capt. Grose, Brighton	45
Lieut. Dawson, Newport	42
Cand. Crosier, Montreal I	42
Sister L. Phelps, Picton	41
Sister Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	40
Capt. McIntyre, Montreal II	40
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Sergt. Thompson, Kingston	40
Lieut. Burtch, Coaticooke	39
Sister Darling, Port Hope	38
Mrs. Capt. Green, Tweed	37
Lieut. McFarlane, Cobourg	35
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Port Hope	35
Capt. Nyland, Odessa	32
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV	31
Bro. Morse, Newport	30
Lieut. O'Neil, Millbrook	30
Capt. Jones, Burlington	30
Adjt. Blackburn, Port Hope	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Sister Mrs. Patterson, Picton	30
Lieut. Newell, Morrisburg	30
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	30
Capt. Green, Tweed	29
Bro. Rutledge, Montreal I	28
Mrs. Capt. Brindley, Montreal I	26
Capt. Stainforth, Cobourg	25
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I	25
Sister Horn, Montreal I	25
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Montreal I	25
Capt. Owen, Sunbury	24
Sister Mrs. Hippern, Montreal II	24
Lieut. Hearnes, Barre	23
Capt. DeWitt, Millbrook	23
Lucy Hacker, Cornwall	22
Cand. Bushey, Burlington	20
Bro. Jonda, Burlington	20
Father Duquette, Tweed	20
Cand. Weir, Montreal I	20
Sister Smardon, Montreal I	20
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	20
Bro. Frank Coggans, Kingston	20
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville	20
Sister Mrs. Braund, Peterboro	20
Lieut. Hickman, Prescott	20
Bro. Hersey, Barre	20
Ensign Yerex, Montreal III	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

68 Hustlers.

CAPT. MOKAHMOQUA, Collingwood	130
SISTER PEARCE, Temple	127
Sister Passmore, Hamilton I	85
Ensign Smith, Owen Sound	82
Sergt. Medlock, Temple	75
Cadet Yake, Lippincott	71
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	70
Capt. Bloss, West Toronto Jct	65
Cadet Harman, Richmond St	63
Capt. Brant, Feversham	62
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St	61
Cadet Calvert, Richmond St	59
Sister Gofton, Temple	52
Sergt. Correll, Temple	50
Capt. Darrach, Temple	50
P. S. M. Kennedy, Newmarket	50
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	50
Lieut. McLeman, North Bay	50
Capt. Stelliker, Riverside	49
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury	45
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	45
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Brampton	45
Capt. Williams, St. Catharines	45
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	42
Capt. White, Huntsville	41
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	40
Bro. Dixon, Temple	40
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay	40
Capt. Hanna, Brampton	40
Sergt. Bowers, Lisgar St	38
P. S. M. Reall, St. Catharines	38
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	38
Adjt. Cameron, Barrie	35
Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay	35
Bro. Case, Hamilton I	35
Lieut. Jackson, Stroud	35
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	32
Mrs. Capt. McLelland, Midland	32
Capt. Nelson, Uxbridge	31
Lieut. Wadge, Uxbridge	31
Capt. Rennie, Meaford	30
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott	30
Sergt. Gray, Midland	30
Sergt. Standen, Bracebridge	28
Sister Potter, Hamilton I	28
Mother Gilbert, Bowmanville	26
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I	26
Lieut. Young, Kinmount	25
Capt. Howcroft, Parry Sound	25
Lieut. Howcroft, Parry Sound	25
Lieut. Stickells, Chesley	25
Sister Taylor, Hamilton II	25
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	25
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	25
Ensign Wynn, Riverside	25
Capt. Redburn, Riverside	25
Sergt. Boulton, Temple	25
Sergt. McQuaig, Temple	25
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	25
Cadet Knuckle, Lippincott	24
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	24
Lieut. Craig, Meaford	24
Sister Darling, Temple	22
Sister Courtemanche, Norland	22
Capt. Welch, Dovercourt	22
Sister Donaldson, Lisgar St	22
Sergt. Simpson, Yorkville	22
Sister Richards, St. Catharines	22
Sister Daubervile, Hamilton I	22
Bro. Goodn, Social Farm	21
S. M. Cornelius, Huntsville	21
Lieut. Meeks, Huntsville	20
Sergt. Stickells, Lisgar St	20
Sergt. Shelly, Lisgar St	20
S. M. Bradley, Temple	20

AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE WAR CRY TOURNAMENT.

Ye Doughty Knight Bennott, Before His Attendant Burghers, Doth Attempt to Bring Down the Steed of His Adversary, Squire Southall.

"Ye fainte hearte ne'er won ye faire ladye."

Cadet Stickells, Lippincott 20
Bro. Curry, Hamilton II..... 20
S. M. Marskell, Bracebridge 20
Sergt. Mays, Bracebridge 20
Capt. McCann, Gravenhurst 20
Cadet Parker, Gravenhurst 20
S. M. Hunter, Newmarket 20
Capt. O'Neil, Fenelon Falls 20
Sister Geddis, Fenelon Falls 20
Bro. Doult, Sudbury 20
Capt. Lewis, Barrie 20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

61 Hustlers.

SISTER GRAHAM, Halifax I... 76
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I.... 54
MRS. ENSIGN PARSONS, Sydney 40
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown 31
SERGT. KELLY, St. Georges, Ber 12
SISTER WHITE, Houlton 135
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton. 10
Cadet Elsary, Fredericton 10
Lieut. Richards, St. Stephen 6
Lieut. Hawbold, Sussex 6
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown .. 6
Lieut. Dunscombe, New Glasgow. 6
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III... 6
Lieut. Brown, Truro 6
Sergt. Pitcher, Sydney 6
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay 6
Cadet Smith, Fredericton 6
Sister Pollock, Fredericton 6
Sister Lyons, Fredericton 6
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown ... 6
Sergt. Allen, St. John III..... 6
Sister Jones, St. John III..... 6
Lieut. Melkie, Hillsboro 6
Sergt. Keating, Glace Bay 6
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown 6
Capt. Fancey, Truro 6
Bro. Jones, St. Georges, Ber..... 6
Sister Watson, St. Georges, Ber... 6
Capt. Horwood, Lunenburg 6
Lieut. McLeod, Westville 6
Capt. Clark, North Sydney 6
Sergt. Pettis, New Glasgow 6
Sister L. Lebans, Fredericton 6
Adjt. Byers, New Glasgow 6
Sister Taylor, Chatham 6
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen 6
Lieut. Armstrong, St. John II..... 6
Sergt. Ferguson, Halifax I..... 6
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I..... 6
Sister Caldwell, Halifax I..... 6
Lieut. Tudge, Fredericton 6
Capt. McIntyre, Carleton 6
Capt. Pittman, Westville 6
Sergt. Chislett, North Sydney ... 6
Sister McIntosh, New Glasgow .. 6
Sergt.-Major Kent, Bear River .. 6
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow . 6
Sister Ash, New Glasgow 6
Sergt. Collins, Fredericton 6
Bro. Crawford, St. John II..... 6
Sergt. Mrs. Bowden, Dartmouth .. 6
Sister England, Chatham 6
Sergt. McDowe, Dartmouth 6
Sergt. McIvor, Dartmouth 6
Sister Lav. Lebans, Fredericton .. 6
Sister Beatty, Fredericton 6
Sister Ramsey, Halifax I..... 6
Sister Crawford, Carleton 6
Sister L'Amoreux, Carleton 6
Sergt. Tilley, St. John II..... 6
Sec. Pike, North Sydney 6

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

46 Hustlers.

LIEUT. A. LLOYD, Fort William 7
LIEUT. L. BLODGETT, Calgary. 7
CADET POTTER, Winnipeg 7
Lieut. Bauson, Grafton 7
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg . 7
Adjt. MacNamara, Jamestown .. 7
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo 7
Capt. A. Brandser, Grand Forks .. 7
Lieut. Clark, Larimore 7
Sergt. Long, Port Arthur 63
Capt. Anna Hurst, Regina 63
Capt. Smith, Devil's Lake 61
Capt. Stoakes, Carberry 55
Mrs. Capt. Habkirk, Port Arthur. 52
Ensign A. Hayes, Devil's Lake .. 52
Capt. Cromarty, Lisbon 50
Capt. Smith, Devil's Lake 46
Lieut. M. Wicks, Lethbridge 45
Lieut. N. Anderson, Emerson ... 43
Lieut. Woodworth, Moosomin 41
Ensign Hayes, Devil's Lake ... 40
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg ... 40
Lieut. Atkin, Virden 38
Capt. Livingston, Mandan 37
Mrs. Capt. Cromarty, Lisbon 37
Cadet M. McLeod, Moose Jew ... 37
Sarah Croswell, Valley City 37
Capt. Mercer, Hillsboro 35
Lieut. Hammond, Grand Forks ... 34
P. S. M. Parker, Brandon 33
Sergt.-Major Taylor, Selkirk 33
Lieut. Halstein, Carberry 30
Capt. Cromarty, Lisbon 28
Lieut. McConnell, Jamestown ... 28
S. M. Walks, Valley City 25
Mrs. Burgon, Grafton 25
Cadet Cook, Fargo 25
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg 25
Lieut. Kreiger, Hillsboro 24
Lieut. Fenwick, Minot 21
Capt. M. Myers, Minot 20
Capt. Campbell, Virden 20
Lieut. Halstein, Carberry 20

Sergt. Johanson, Winnipeg 3
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg 3
Bro. Coolidge, Winnipeg 3

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

28 Hustlers.

CADET GREAVETT, Butte ... 33
LIEUT. LANGILL, Helena 40
CADET LLOYD, Anaconda 40
CADET GOODING, Victoria ... 13
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria 50
MRS. ADJT. AYRE, Billings 69
Capt. Quant, Trail 65
Capt. Noble, Anaconda 60
Lieut. Morris, Revelstoke 55
Sister Ponge, Nelson 50
Sister Knudson, Nelson 50
Lieut. Long, Lewiston 50
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo 45
Capt. Hugs, Lewiston 45
Capt. Bailey, Missoula 42
Lieut. Floyd, Missoula 37
Lieut. Nesbitt, Dillon 31
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Mt. Vernon . 30
Lieut. Putnam, Helena 30

The Denunciations of a Dissatisfied Man.

"The old order changeth," for in this case the pursued was the interviewer and the pursuer the interviewed.

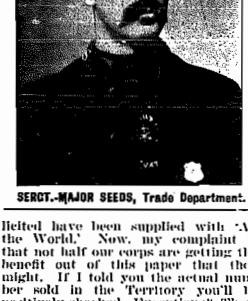
For some time Sergt.-Major Seeds has shown a strong disposition to submit to the scrutiny of notebook and pencil, and has lately resorted to vehement telephonic complaints at the Editorial negligence in keeping so important a subject waiting. That he is responsible in the Trade Department for the pushing of our various publications we were aware, and that it was in connection with these that he wanted to gain the ear of the Cry readers, but we were hardly prepared for the despairing jerk with which Bro. Seeds flung himself into a chair by our office table the other day exclaiming:

"My righteous soul's grieved over these papers!"

We glanced at the harmless little sheaf of Army magazines that he held, and wondered why.

"Because," went on the irate Sergt.-Major, "they're four of the very best auxiliaries that any Captain can have, and they don't get anything like the show they ought to. They're actually not known," he added most savagely, "to one-half the people it would most profit to peruse them.

"All the World."



SERGT.-MAJOR SEEDS, Trade Department.

"What's been supplied with 'All the World.' Now, my complaint is that not half our corps are getting the benefit out of this paper that they might. If I told you the actual number sold in the Territory you'll be positively shocked. Exceptions? There are some, indeed—officers who make the sale of the magazines a matter of utmost importance. Adjt. Moore is one of them. Wherever he goes, the sale of 'All the World' goes up—he appoints a Sergeant especially responsible for the sale—the secret of success in this direction. The mistake that our officers make is in keeping the book only amongst the soldiers, whereas amongst outsiders its place is irreplaceable."

"What is the matter with the War Cry?"

"The War Cry's all right," emphatically, "and as to the progress of its sale during the two years that I have been in a position to speak, I cannot say too much. It is a credit to all concerned, and 'All the World' makes no trespass upon War Cry ground; it takes a place that the Cry cannot take and claims another class of readers altogether.

Music.

"The corps that doesn't get this," (the Sergt.-Major has laid down 'All the World' and taken up a copy of the 'Musical Salvationist') "is twelve years behind the times. It contains the very latest compositions of the Army's best musicians. If there is any musical talent in the corps, this is the thing to develop it, while the helps and hints to bands and bandmasters, the selections arranged for string bands, etc., are invaluable. I heard Captain Redburn say the other day that he wouldn't be without it for anything, and he considers that the band that does not have it isn't in it! Yet we only sell ——?"

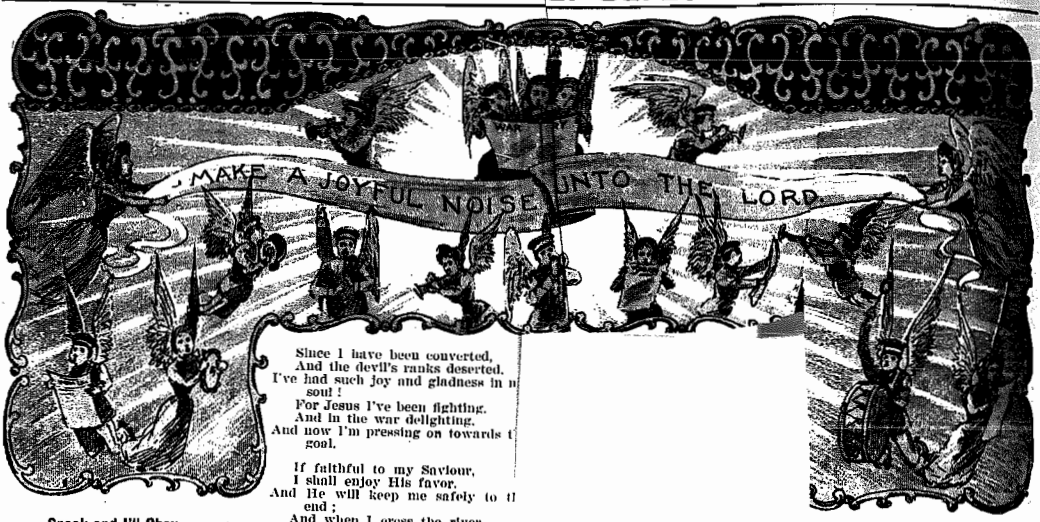
Respect for the feelings of the Field forbid us publishing the figures here supplied by the Sergt.-Major. Suffice to say that it left an average of something like one copy for every six corps!

"What can I say about the 'Officer'? This it is a very mine of information and a tower of strength to any officer of any rank in any position is admitted, and yet we don't supply it to one tenth of the officers in the Territory. Perhaps they've forgotten that it now only costs eighty cents per year. If that is too much for the officers' pocket then the soldiers should step in. What I propose to do at my own corps, Riverside, is getting a few of the soldiers to contribute a trifle and fixing up our Ensign with a copy regularly. I don't see why the plan should not be a permanent one, and the quarters kept supplied with the 'Officer' by the co-operation of the soldiers.

"I had almost forgotten the 'Deliverer' or 'Our Rescue' monthly. Only five cents. I can't make out why our social people don't do more with it. It is as valuable in explaining and enlisting for the social as 'All the World' is for the spiritual. I might say that although these papers are published in the Old Country they are distinctly international and contain news of the work in our own land; as, for instance, there was an article by Brigadier Friedrich on the Klondike in last month's 'All the World,' while Mrs. Read has frequently contributed Canadian items to the 'Deliverer'."

And after having said his say the Sergt.-Major rose to depart. We commend his words to officers and soldiers as containing food for reflection for conviction.

TER THAN
bilee
Tea
We want to CUBA Customer of Ours.
Samples and other Particulars supplied by the
TRADE SECRETARY



Speak and I'll Obey.

Tunes.—Speak, Saviour, speak (B. J. 83); When the pearly gates (B. J. 142).

1 Let me hear Thy voice now speaking,
Let me hear and I'll obey:
As before Thy Cross I'm seeking,
Oh, chase my fears away!
Oh, let the light now falling,
Reveal my every need;
Now hear me while I'm calling,
Oh, speak, and I will heed!

Chorus.

Speak, Saviour, speak,
Obey Thee I will ever;
Down at Thy Cross I seek
From all that's wrong to sever.

Let me hear and I will follow,
Though the path be strewed with thorns;
It is joy to share Thy sorrow,
Thou makest calm the storm.
Now my heart Thy temple making,
In Thy fulness dwell with me;
Every evil way forsaking,
Thine only will I be.

Send the Fire!

Tunes.—Glory to the Lamb (B.J. 131); Always cheerful (B.J. 45); Whither pilgrims? (B.J. 69).

2 Holy Spirit, send the Fire,
Purge from every spot and stain;
Cleanse me fully, save me higher,
Let Thy love my heart inflame.

Chorus.

Send the Fire! Send the Fire!
Purge my soul from every sin.
Send the Fire! Send the Fire!
Cleanse me now, and keep me clean.

Holy Spirit, send the power,
Come, within me now abide;
Send the Pentecostal shower,
Come and reign, Thou Crucified.

Holy Spirit deign to use me,
For Thy service make me meet;
Help me spend my life in leading
Precious sinners to Thy feet!

W.

A Regular Old Hustler.

Tune.—Before I got salvation (B.J. 64).

3 Before I got salvation
I was sunk in degradation,
And from my Saviour wandered
far astray;
But I came to Calvary's mountain,
Where I fell into the Fountain,
And from my heart the burden rolled
away.

Chorus.

'Twas a happy day and no mistake,
When Jesus from my heart did take
The load of sin which made it ache
And filled my heart with joy.

Since I have been converted,
And the devil's ranks deserted,
I've had such joy and gladness in m
soul!
For Jesus I've been fighting,
And in the war delighting,
And now I'm pressing on towards t
goal.

If faithful to my Saviour,
I shall enjoy His favor,
And He will keep me safely to th
end;
And when I cross the river,
I'll live with Him for ever,
And one eternal day of glory spend.

Can I Forget?

Tunes.—Ella Rhea (B.J. 65); Ala did my Saviour bleed (B.J. 10 Sinner, see yon light (B.J. 48

5 Can I forget what Jesus bor
And suffered on the tree?
Can I forget His wondrous lo
That Gave His life for me?

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus died, yes, Jesus died,
He bore it all for Thee;
His life He gave upon the Cross
That thou mightst ransomed be.

Can I forget that Garden scene,
The Cross on Calvary?
The bloody sweat, His agony,
He bore for you and me.

Can I forget not long ago
My sins were washed away?
And happy now I'll always be,
And serve Him every day.

O Jesus, may I ne'er forget
How much to Thee I owe;
Oh, help me now my life to give,
To be, to do, to go.

E. L. G., *Moose Jaw, Assa.*

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJT. WISEMAN.

Toronto, May 11th to 17th.

ENSIGN PUGH.

Montreal, Thurs., May 11th, to Wed., May 17th.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thurs., May 11th, to Wed., May 17th.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Holland Landing, Thurs., May 11th.
Stroud, Fri., May 12th.
Barrie, Sat., Sun., Mon., May 13th, 14th, 15th.
Orillia, Tues. and Wed., May 16th, 17th.

ENSIGN COLLIER.

Bayfield, Thurs., May 11th.
Goderich, Fri., May 12th, to Fri., May 19th.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Cobourg, Thurs., May 11th.
Port Hope, Fri., Sat., Sun., May 12th, 13th, 14th.
Millbrook, Mons. Tues., May 16th, 16th.
Lakefield, Wed., May 17th.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Salmon Arm, Thurs., May 11th.
Larkin, Friday, May 12th.
Vernon, Sat., Sun., Mon., May 13th 14th, 15th.
Indian Mission, Tues., Wed., May 16th 17th.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Yarmouth, Thurs., Fri., May 11th 12th.
Clark's Harbor, Sat., Sun., May 13th 14th.
Digby, Mon., May 15th.
Bear River, Tues., May 16th.
Annapolis, Wed., May 17th.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 20 Albert st., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second insertion.

MRS. ANN SHUFETT, last heard of in 1897, at 17 Walpole St., Hotel Kingsley, Moxbury, Mass., also

MRS. LEAH BARNES, last address 55 Brunswick St., Halifax, N. S. Her husband was a Royal Artilleryman.

WILLIAM ARGUE. When last heard from was working on a tunnel that was being made through the Cascade Mountains. Address Walla Walla, Wash. May have enlisted in the war. He has blue eyes, is fair, 5 ft. in height. Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Will the mother of the child adopted by Adrian Blanchard, who kept a Restaurant in Calais, Maine, in 1874, please communicate with this office. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LEVI BROUGHTON HARDER, last heard of in Winnipeg, in 1897. Age 44 years, height 5 ft. 11½ in., dark eyes and complexion. Had intended going to British Columbia. Friends are very anxious to know his whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HENKEL, FREDERICK WILLIAM. Was at one time wealthy, but since learned the tailor's trade. German by birth. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

KNIGHT, JOSEPH. 21 years old. Last heard of in Spokane, Wash. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, printed and published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 18 Albert St., Toronto.